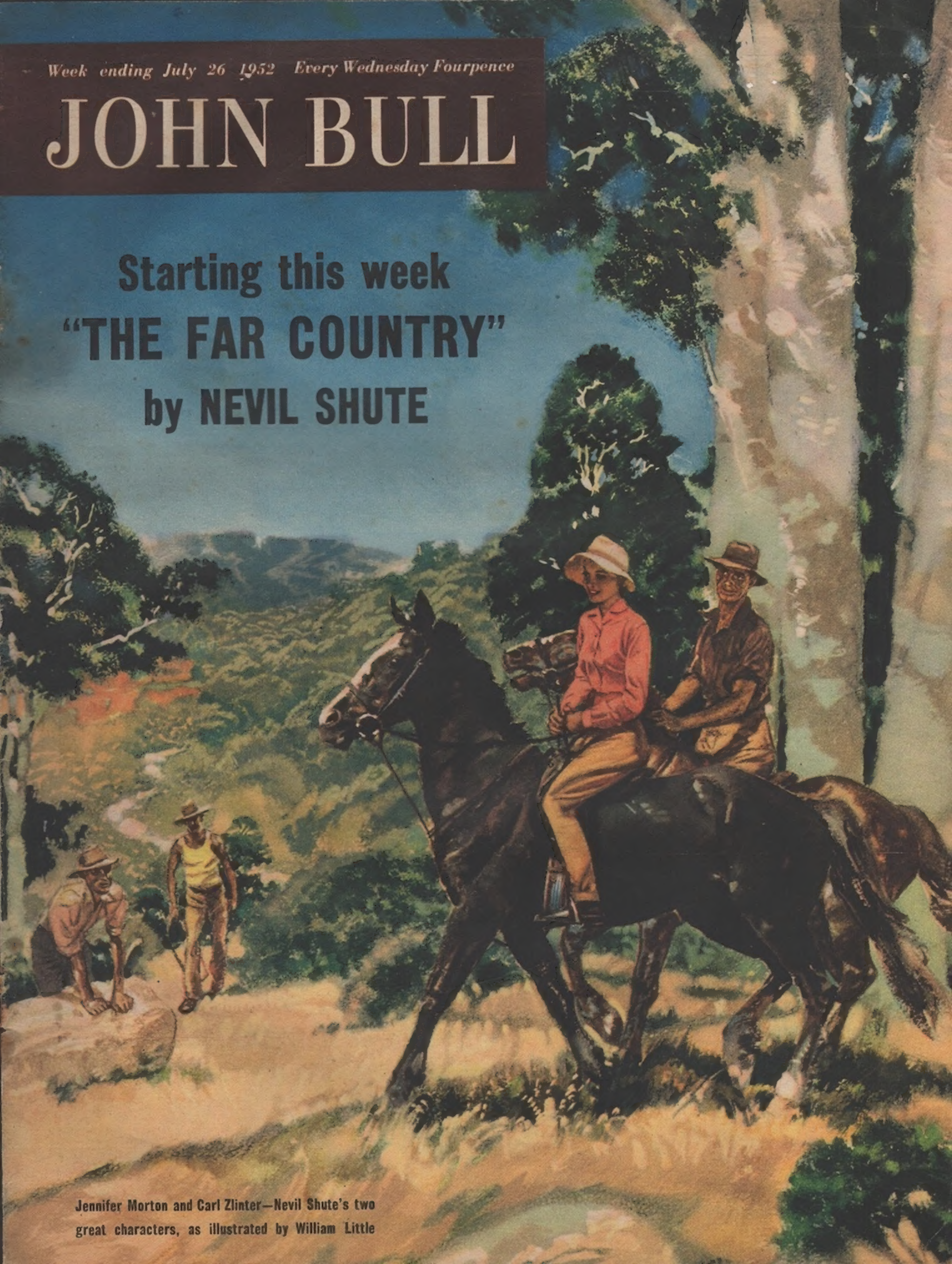
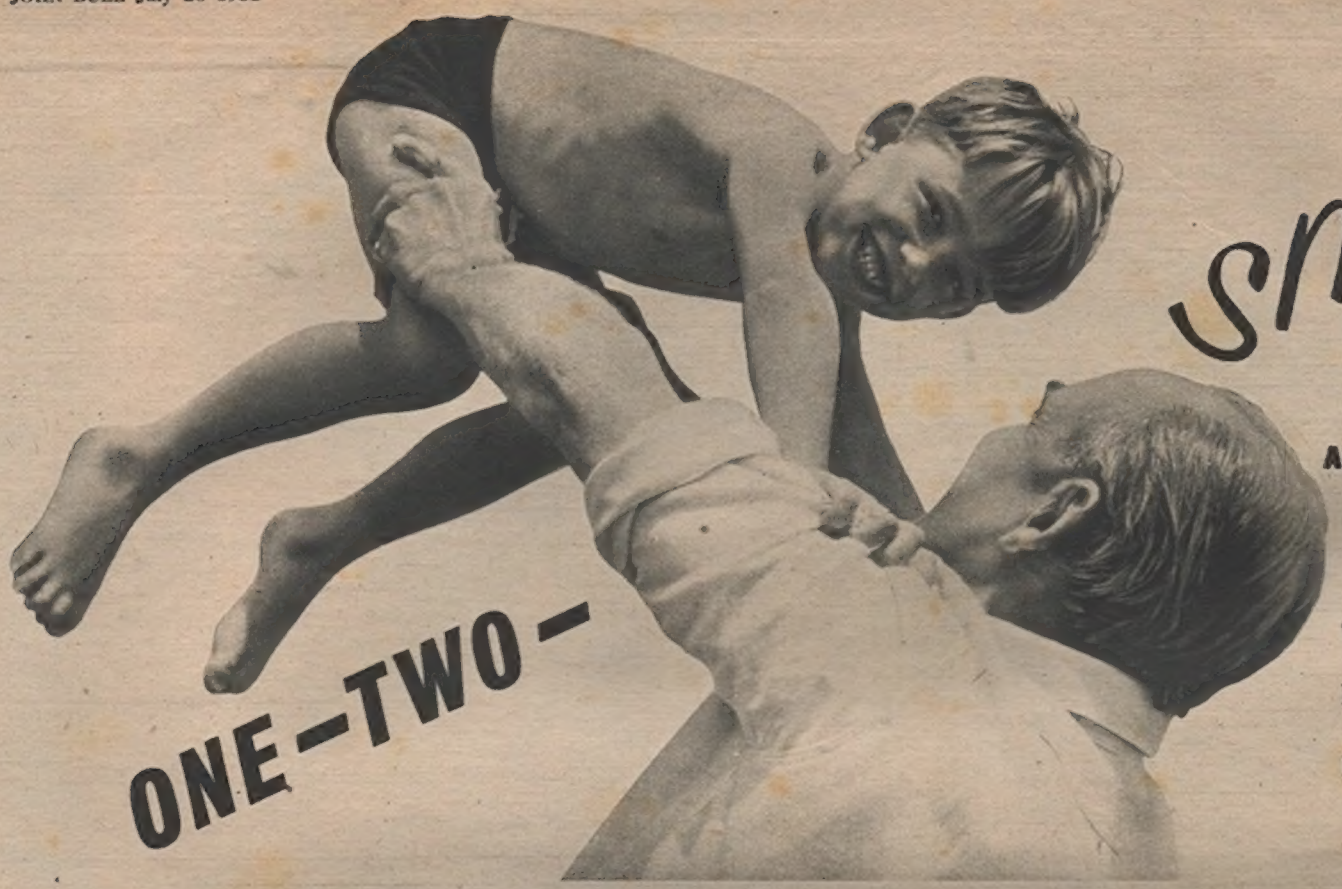
Week ending July 26 1952 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Starting this week
"THE FAR COUNTRY"
by NEVIL SHUTE



Jennifer Morton and Carl Zlinter—Nevil Shute's two great characters, as illustrated by William Little



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JOHN BULL EDITORIAL

Flog the thugs?

OUR LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, the forthright and pugnacious Lord Goddard, has declared: "The remedy for gangsterism is to bring back corporal punishment and extend it."

With that he started a storm which will not be easily calmed, because of the alarming figures for violent crime.

From George Benson, an M.P. who opposes flogging and is chairman of the Howard League for Penal Reform, has come the counter-charge that Lord Goddard's reasoning is "glaringly contradicted by facts."

The whole discussion is itself a mass of contradictions.

LORD GODDARD believes that "violence is encouraged by the knowledge that flogging or whipping, or even the birch, can no longer be inflicted in the name of the dignity of man." They were, in fact, abolished in 1948 after a Parliamentary wrangle.

Mr. Benson retorts that between 1939 and 1948, corporal punishment was used more often than ever before—but robbery with violence quadrupled. Since 1948, this crime, the principal one for which the cat used to be a penalty, has decreased.

The Government's attitude has been expressed by the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell-Fyffe. Crime statistics, he has said, "do not support the view that reconsideration of this controversial question is urgently required."

But, more recently, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Simonds, has revealed that "no subject has been under more active consideration by the authorities."

IT does seem that the facts can be honestly interpreted in various ways.

Robbery with violence may indeed have declined. There were fewer convictions for it last year than in 1946 and 1947, when the cat was still applied.

But other classes of violent crime — including murder, attempted murder, manslaughter, assault and rape—are greatly increasing. It is against them that Lord Goddard wants the judges' power to order flogging restored and extended.

More than 7,000 violent crimes a year are reported to the police, and last year over 4,000 men were convicted of them. The number actually rose from 2,717 in 1947 to 4,274 last year—nearly double!

"That's all very deplorable," say the opponents of corporal punishment, "but it is not an argument for restoring flogging, whipping and birching. It would only be right to do that if you could prove you were restoring *a deterrent* to criminals."

You must not flog to punish, but only to deter. No deterrent, no flogging. Punishment should be formal rather than vindictive, for the aim should be to reform the criminal. That is a fair summary of the arguments which prevailed in Parliament in 1948.

Would they prevail again if the matter were put to the test?

A LOT of people are frankly unimpressed—and sceptical—about pleas that violence should be met by reformation rather than retribution. They reject with contempt the "psycho-analyst's view" that crime is only a disease and criminals merely patients.

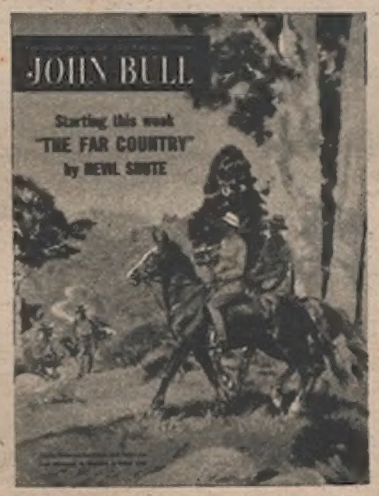
But Lord Goddard is unlikely to get his way. The British people does not lightly abandon humanitarian reforms. In the last resort, proof beyond dispute would be needed that flogging is a deterrent as well as a retribution. This does not exist.

Ordinary people are also conscious that crime, especially violent crime, is largely bred from poverty, overcrowding, squalor and lack of enlightenment. The real remedy is to clean up these social plague-spots in our life.

MEANWHILE, nearly everyone would be happy to see much stiffer prison sentences for the thugs. Let's have the extra deterrent without going back to flogging!

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WILLIAM LITTLE, who is illustrating Nevil Shute's story, *The Far Country*, is one of Britain's finest commercial artists (his R.A.F. poster, "Ginger's Back," is a classic). He lives and works in a Georgian house set in forty acres of Wiltshire farmland. His work is mostly in water-colour and he keeps a large reference library to check on detail. Tall, vigorous and in his fifties, he is married and has two sons.



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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
July 26, 1952 -VOL. 92 No. 2404 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

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FREE SPEECH

The vanished holiday comedians

HEARTY LAUGHTER seems to be at a premium in holiday resorts nowadays. What has happened to the top-line comedians? There was a time when holidaymakers were drawn to seaside variety halls by such names as G. S. Melvin, Shaun Glenville, Malcolm Scott, Harry Tate and a host of others. But in nine out of ten seaside variety bills now, the top-line act is a speciality or musical offering, with an occasional comic occupying a very minor spot in the programme.

There are many capable comedians with personality in these minor spots. Do they fail to top the bill because they take things too easily and neglect building up their acts with strong, original material?—ARTHUR MOORE, 23 Hawarden Avenue, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Talking With A Pencil

SKETCHING IS NOT QUITE so efficient as a universal language as your correspondent who wrote on this subject ("Free Speech," July 5) suggests. Some years ago, when on holiday in Belgium, I was dining in a restaurant where a very fine orchestra was playing. Our party seemed to be the only English people there and we wanted the orchestra to play "The Donkey Serenade." Not knowing the correct French phrase, we drew what we took to be a donkey on the menu and the waiter handed it up to the orchestra leader. After much argument among the grinning musicians, we were amazed to hear "Kitten On The Keys."—MRS. J. G. O., Glasgow.

The Real Philip Archer

MY HUSBAND and I are regular listeners to *The Archers*, and were very interested in John May's article about them (JOHN BULL, July 5). We have been following the recent adventures of Philip, the Archers' son, and are curious to know what he looks like and what he does in real life.—MRS. E. SNELGROVE, 10 Ladysmith Road, London, E.16.

Philip Archer

Philip Archer (real name: Norman Painting) is twenty-four and in real life is farm manager for Leslie Bowmar, who plays Mr. Fairbrother, another of the Archer characters. He is also a batting stalwart in the village cricket team.

Nurses Off Duty

YOUR CORRESPONDENT WHO wrote "Don't Put Haloes On Our Nurses" ("Free Speech," July 5) may have got a wrong impression through talking to nurses about their off-duty activities. If she could attend some of our committee meetings, or just relax in the nurses' sitting-room, she would hear that boy friends are not our sole topic of conversation, and that a hot political argument can start from a chance remark. Incidentally, nurses are always mystified about who originally gave them their "haloes." Certainly not our colleagues, or our superiors. We are normal, happy people, doing a satisfying job.—MISS MOREEN BENNETT, Northwood Farm, Northwood Lane, Clayton, Newcastle, Staffs.

. . . It is not true that nurses have as much time off as girls in other walks of life. I married a nurse and our courtship was a nerve-racking affair. The times of our meetings could never be arranged with any certainty. Operations, accidents and many other contingencies meant that my fiancée came off duty hours late, while I waited on a bench outside the hospital. For these hours of extra duty, a nurse receives no overtime payment. How does this compare with shop, factory or office?—S. GORDON SANDS, Jessamine Cottage, Sutton Veny, Warminster, Wilts.

Reckless Coolness

USUALLY, MEN IN GENERAL become more fractious in hot weather, particularly when they work in offices. The reason is that they are still wearing the same clothes as they wore during the winter, collar and all. Yet I noticed that when one of them recklessly appeared in

a cream-coloured linen suit, looking pleasantly cool, he had to face a barrage of facetious remarks from other men, who inquired whether he had any ice-cream to sell, and so on.—MISS LILY WINTHROP, Flat 2, 148 Randolph Avenue, London, W.9.

Spotting The Honeymooners

HONEYMOON COUPLES MAY sometimes unwittingly disclose the fact that they are newly married. When we were on our honeymoon, our table companion was a genial commercial traveller. After a short while, he said to me: "If you *are* on your honeymoon, you have kept the secret well so far. You haven't given the game away by asking your husband whether he takes sugar in his tea." Later we were joined by another young couple. At breakfast the next morning, a fried egg was placed before the girl. She immediately handed it to her husband, who stared at her in surprise and said: "Don't you like eggs?"—MRS. MARGARET READ, 30 Crook Log, Bexleyheath, Kent.

Dangerous Temper

BECAUSE I SUFFER FROM a very hasty temper, I can confirm the view of your correspondent who wrote ("Free Speech," June 28) that emotional upsets can help to cause road accidents. I am well aware that, on occasions, I have jumped into my car after some hasty words and slammed up the road at an outrageous speed, only realizing after some minutes what I was doing. I have now deliberately tightened the handle of the driver's door on my car, so that, when I am tempted to jump into the car in an angry mood, I meet with the slight delay of a door difficult to open. This pulls me up, and I remember why the door is awkward.—P. R., Southampton.

Plenty Of Room

A FRIEND OF MINE, wanting holiday accommodation, wrote to a resort and arranged for an advertisement to be put in a local newspaper. She received no less than 193 replies, including four telegrams, some of them reply-paid.—D. S. HUMPHREYS, 13 Norman Road, Swindon.

Onlookers Kept Silent

RECENTLY, A WOMAN with three children came into the shop where I work. One of the children began running up and down the shop and, as he passed his mother, she caught him and slapped him, transforming the happy child into a picture of misery, and infuriating the onlookers—who, nevertheless, did nothing. I remember when I was in Sweden last year, I saw a man hit his child in the street and immediately an angry crowd gathered and began to rebuke the man in no uncertain fashion. A pity there are not a few more people in Britain ready to express their views as forcibly.—D. IRWIN, 27 Rake Lane, New York, Shiremoor, Northumberland.

Unpredictable Wild Life

DUDLEY HOYS'S STORY, *Stripey* (JOHN BULL, June 14) gave an excellent picture of country life, except that he was wrong in saying that otter hounds would ever look at a stag, let alone chase one; and was equally wrong in saying that stag hounds would give a second thought to an otter.—ARTHUR BYRNE, 124 St. Helen's Road, Eccleston Lane Ends, Prescot, Lancs.

Dudley Hoys writes: "No doubt your reader's comments are based on his personal experience, so he may be interested to know that some otter hounds put up a stag in Cumberland last year and went lolloping after it for a bit. The hounds in my story were fox hounds, not stag hounds, and in the water they seldom care to face a fighting otter. As a naturalist, I would never care to lay down the law about wild creatures. They can be unpredictable, as witness an episode recently when several of us saw a fox chasing a solitary fox hound."

Time For Everything

LIKE MISS LAYTON, who wrote complaining of school homework ("Free Speech," July 5), I am a schoolgirl and my ambition, also, is to be married. But I am continuing my studies until I am twenty. Although I have a great deal of out-of-school work to do, I belong to a mixed swimming club, the Girl Guide movement, the Norwich Junior Philharmonic Orchestra and the school orchestra and choir. I take 'cello lessons and dancing lessons and swim for the school and for the county. In all these activities, I meet members of the opposite sex and have several male friends. Yet I always find time for the required homework.—MISS JUDITH HIGH, 18 Reepham Road, Norwich.

Picture In The Fish Shop

MUCH AMUSEMENT WAS caused when our fishmonger turned artist, as the enclosed photograph of the "picture" he created shows. The hulls of the fishing fleet are bloaters, with dried haddock fillets for sails. They are sailing on stormy waves of filleted cod. Pieces

of pink bream skin made the fluttering burgees at their mastheads and, also, the sun. Its shining rays are silver sprats, and neatly arranged sprats made the frame for this masterpiece of ingenuity.—MRS. M. LITTLEDALE, 1 The Cross Roads, Southbourne, Bournemouth.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

"Like Heaven on earth"

says Annie

WE found her living in a single room, coaxing the open fire which was her only means of heating water for her tea. Annie was 96. She did all her own shopping and cleaning, for there was no one left in the world to care about her. We took her into an Eventide Home and made her comfortable, and her gratitude was pathetic. "It's like Heaven on earth" she said.

Annie is just one of the many old ladies we care for. We know there are many more we could free from the burden of fending for themselves. For £10 a month a lonely old life can find happiness and companionship in an Eventide Home. More funds, and more homes, are badly needed. We already have the plans; will you help us — by donation or legacy — to find the money? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.

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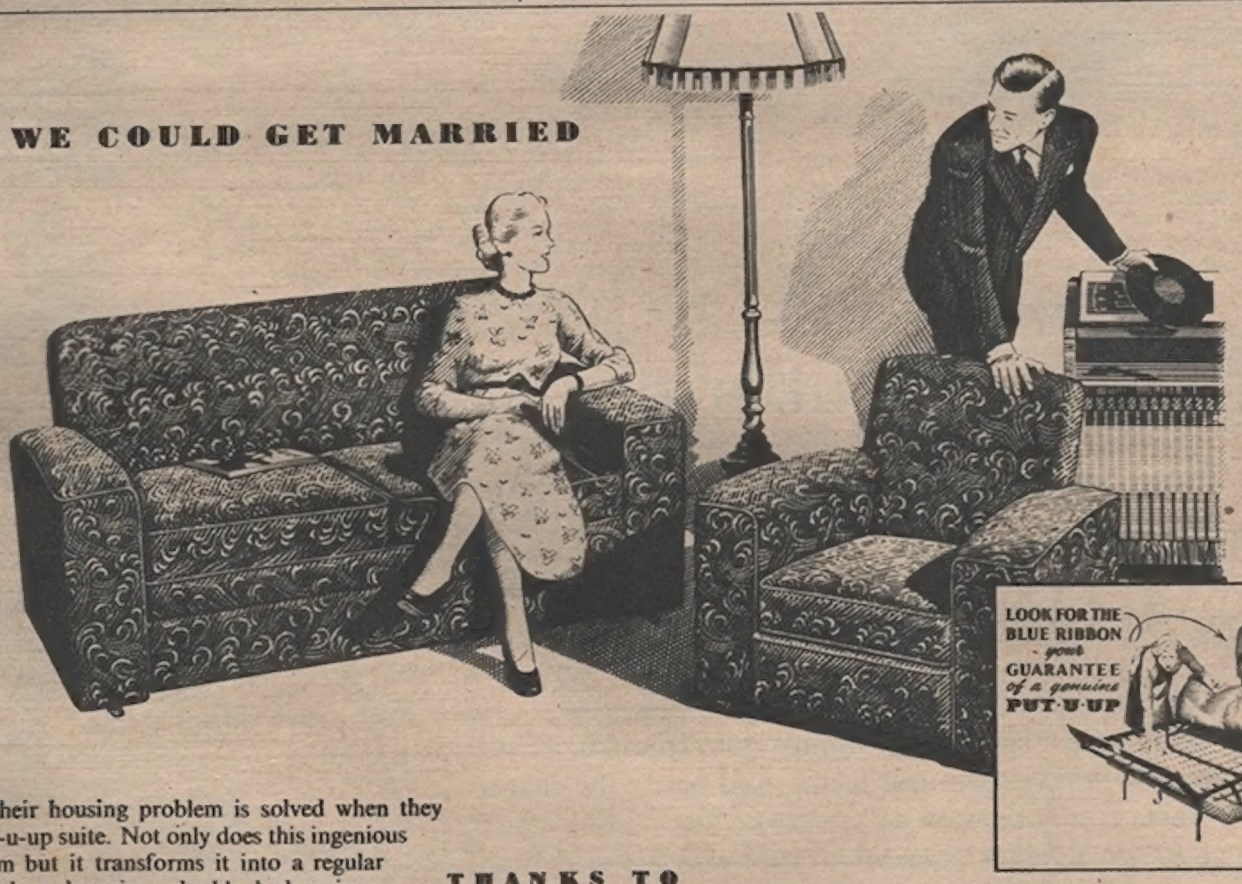
AT LAST WE COULD GET MARRIED



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Jack Dorman reined up alongside the utility and held out his hand for the bundle of letters. The one he was waiting for should have arrived.

Exclusive world publication of a great new novel

The Far Country

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

TIM ARCHER GOT INTO THE utility and drove it from the Banbury Feed and General Supply Pty. Ltd., down the main street of the town. It was tree-shaded, as broad as Whitehall and lined with wooden stores and bungalows widely spaced.

He was a lad of twenty-two with a broad, guileless face, with yellow hair and blue eyes, and a fair, bronzed skin. He thought and moved rather slowly; if you disliked the Victorian countryside you would have said that he looked rather like a sheep, one of the sheep he spent his life in tending. He worked for Jack Dorman on a property called Leonora, twelve miles out from Banbury.

Leonora was hardly to be classed as a sheep station, being only 1,800 acres. He had been there for three years, largely because he was in love in a slow, patient manner with the youngest daughter of the house, Angela Dorman. He did not see much of her because she was away at Melbourne University taking Social Studies. He wrote to her from time to time, simple, rather laboured letters about lambing and floods and bush fires and horses. She answered about one in three of these letters, because the country bored her stiff.

He stopped off at the post office, and looked quickly through the letters, and then he got back in the utility and drove on.

There was no letter from Angela, and he was depressed. He was sufficiently intelligent to know that his chance of getting Angela was slender, because she liked town life and hated the country, while he was exactly the reverse. He comforted himself with the opinion that all girls were like that when they were young; they talked big about getting a job in Melbourne and doing interior decoration and going on a business trip to England, but in the end most of them came home and married and settled down in the district. He'd have to sit tight and let Angie get it out of her system, but it was going to be a long job, and the thought depressed him.

Jack Dorman had occupied Leonora for eighteen years, first as manager and later as the owner, by the courtesy of the Bank of New South Wales. He was sitting on his horse that morning by the road gate waiting for Tim Archer to come out of town in the utility. His property was about three miles long and a mile wide, and though it was possible to drive over most of it in the utility, Jack Dorman

preferred to ride over it on horseback every morning.

He saw the utility coming and rode the pony up to the road gate and hooked it open for the car to enter.

Tim stopped the car just inside the gate, and Dorman reined up alongside.

"Get the letters?" he inquired.

"I got them here, Mr. Dorman," the lad said, and handed up the bundle from the seat beside him.

Dorman took them, and sat on his horse looking through the envelopes. He was fifty-eight years old, but he had never strained his eyes with a great deal of reading, and he could still read small print without glasses. He took one letter from the bundle and put it in the breast pocket of his khaki shirt; on that warm day he wore no coat. He gave the rest of the letters back to Tim Archer, who wondered what the one letter was about.

"Take them into the house," his boss said. "Get all the rest of the stuff?"

"Not the engine oil. They hadn't got any drums, not till next week's delivery. They said I could have quart cans, but it costs more that way. I went along to the garage and had the sump checked, but she only took a pint. She's in good nick."

"Don't ever go buying oil less than five gallons a time," the rider said. "Daylight robbery. There's another thing you want to watch. They'll try to kid you that you want an oil change every thousand miles, and that's a quid or so. Two thousand miles is what it says in the book. My word, you want to watch those jokers."

"I never let them change the oil unless you say."

"That's right. Go down and give Mario a hand out with the crutching. I'm going up to the top end."

The lad drove on, and Jack Dorman walked his pony uphill across his pastures, heading for the highest part, where the uncleared virgin bush bordered his land on the slope of the mountain. He sat down in a favourite place and opened his letter.

It was a note of account from his agent in Melbourne, a long typescript sheet covered with figures which itemized the lot numbers of the wool sold for him at auction and the price paid for each lot. A cheque was enclosed in settlement for £22,178 8s. 2d.

He had known beforehand approximately what the sum would be, from watching the sales in the newspaper. Last year's wool cheque had been over £10,000, and the year before that about £7,000, figures which had seemed amazing to him in their day. Those cheques, however, had meant little to him in terms of spending money; they had gone straight into the bank in reduction of the loans upon his property and stock. They had purchased his security, but nothing tangible. This time, however, it was different; this £22,000 was his own money, to spend or save exactly as he wished, after the tax was paid.

Most of his time at Leonora, he had been deep in debt, head over ears in it. For the first four years it had been touch and go whether they would not go bankrupt, whether the bank would not have to foreclose on an unprofitable business and sell the land to liquidate the increasing overdraft. The demand for wool for uniforms had saved them as rearmament got under way and wool prices began to rise, and for the last twelve years Jack Dorman had been paying off the debt.

On paper he had been gradually becoming a wealthy man, but this was hidden deep in the accountancy. The land and the stock on it had been gradually becoming his and not the bank's, but he still rose at dawn each day and got his two hired hands to work at the same time, and still Jane Dorman worked from dawn to dusk in the old-fashioned kitchen of the homestead, cooking all the meals for the three men, and eating with them at the long kitchen table.

Jack Dorman sat turning the wool cheque over in his hands. £22,178 8s. 2d. He folded it up at last and put it in his shirt pocket, humming a little tune.

Twenty-two thousand pounds and a bit, and the fat lambs, and the bullocks—say £26,000 in all. Expenses, and income tax. . . . He drew a stub of pencil from his pocket and began figuring on the back of the wool cheque envelope. He'd whoop up his expenses this year, my word he would! He'd have to see his accountant to find out what he could get away with.

He calculated roughly that he'd have about £7,000 left after paying tax. Seven thousand pounds of his own money to spend or save that year, and the price of wool still holding nicely. He was in the money, for the first time in his life.

Presently he got on to his horse again and rode down to the homestead, humming his little tune. In the yard he unsaddled and hung saddle and bridle on a rail of the haybarn, gave the pony a slap behind and turned it into the house paddock. Then he went into the kitchen and sat down at the long table. Jane was roasting a saddle of mutton for dinner, as she did most days of her married life; they ate a sheep in about ten days.

"Want a cup of tea?" she asked.

"I don't mind," he said, and she poured him one out from the teapot on the table. And then he told her: "Got the wool cheque."

"How much?" she asked idly.

"Little over twenty-two thousand pounds."

She was only mildly interested. "That's a bit more than last year, isn't it?"

"Aye."

She said: "Like to peel these potatoes for me, if you're doing nothing?"

"We don't have to do anything," he told her. "Not with a wool cheque like that." But he got up and began to peel them at the sink. "You ought to have a girl to help you, make her do things like this."

"Where do you think I'd get the girl from?" And then she asked: "How much would we have to spend, after paying tax and expenses?"

"About seven thousand, near as I can figure it." He scraped away at the potatoes. "It's all ours this time. What do you want out of it?"

She stared around the kitchen. "I want a Memory Tickler like Bertha Harrison's got, one of those things you hang upon the wall, with a long list of things to get in town, and tabs to turn over to remind you. She got hers in Melbourne, at McEwens."

"That's only about five bob's worth," he complained.

She thought about it uncertainly for a moment. "Well, that's what I want. Could we have a new stove, Jack? This one's about worn out, and the top plate's cracked."

"We'd better have a coke one this time."

"A wood stove's best out here," she said, "and only about a tenth the money. Another one like this would be all right."

He said: "Aw, look, Jane, we've got money to spend now."

The anxious years had bitten deep into her. "No need to chuck it away, though," she said.

"We wouldn't be chucking it away. It'd be cooler in the kitchen with a stove like that. It's time we spent a bit of money, anyway; my word, we haven't had a holiday for years. What do you say if we go down to Melbourne for a week and do a bit of shopping, stay at the Windsor and see some theatres?"

"I've not got any clothes for staying in a place like that," she said.

"We'll get some," he replied. "After all, we've got seven thousand to spend."

"We won't have long, if you go on like this."

"We don't want to have it long. If we hang on to it, it'll only go to the kids after our time, and they'll have enough to spoil them, anyhow. I don't hold with leaving kids a lot of money. We never had any, and we got through."

She poured herself a cup of tea and came and sat at the table with him. "I'd like to go to Melbourne for a week," she said thoughtfully, "if we've really got the money."

He nodded. "Suppose we booked a room for a week about the middle of January?"

She smiled. "I'd like that, Jack. Give me time to get some clothes made up. I couldn't go to the Windsor with what I've got now."

He pulled a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket and passed it across to her; she took one and he lit it for her, and for a while they sat smoking in silence. "We could do a lot of things," he said. "We could make that trip home."

In their hard early married life, a trip home to England had been her great desire, always to be frustrated by their circumstances. She was English, the daughter of an admiral, brought up in all the comfort and security of a small country house before the first World War, and sent to a good school. In 1917 she had joined the W.A.A.C.s with a commission, as was proper for the daughter of a senior naval officer, and in 1918 she had shocked her parents by falling in love with an Australian, a lieutenant in the first A.I.F.

Her family never understood Jack Dorman and did everything they could to dissuade her from marrying him, and succeeded in preventing her from doing so till she was twenty-one, in 1919; she married him on her birthday. He was a ranker officer for one thing, which in those days damned him from the start; he had been an n.c.o. in Gallipoli, and in France for nearly three years, and he had only recently been commissioned. He was an unpleasantly tough young man, addicted to a strange, un-English slang, and he never pulled up men for not saluting him because he didn't believe in saluting, and said so. He used to have meals with private soldiers in cafés and in restaurants, and even drink with them; he had no idea of discipline at all. All he could do, with others like him, was to win battles.

Thirty-three years had passed since those bad

NEVIL SHUTE has two main life interests — aircraft and authorship; and he has made a success of both. At twenty-three, he was chief calculator on the construction of the airship R.100, and made two Atlantic trips; at thirty-one, he was boss of his own company.

He tackled writing the same way—voraciously, meticulously. But here success was harder to win. It wasn't till 1942 and his great *Pied Piper* that he shot into the best-seller lists. He has been there ever since, with *The Chequer Board, No Highway, A Town Like Alice.*

Two years ago, when he was fifty-one, Shute decided Australia was the country of the future. Characteristically, he packed his wife and two daughters into his aeroplane and piloted them there himself. They settled down in a pleasant house outside Melbourne, where today, with an enormous world readership, he devotes himself solely to writing.

"I'm not a bit happy about this, Jack," she said. "If we can, I'd like to send her £500"

months of 1918, but Jane could still remember as if it were yesterday her father's frigid politeness to this uncouth young officer that she had brought into the house, and his blistering contempt for him in their private talks, and her mother's futile assurances that "Daddy knows best." She had married Jack Dorman in February, 1919, in Paddington, a week before sailing with him to Australia, and her parents had come to the wedding, but only just. Nobody else came except one old school friend, and Aunt Ethel.

Aunt Ethel was her father's sister, Mrs. Trehearn, married to Geoffrey Trehearn, a Commissioner in the Indian Police, at that time stationed in Moulmein. Aunt Ethel had come home with her two children in 1916 to put them to school in England, and she had been still in England waiting for a passage back to Burma. Aunt Ethel, alone of all Jane's relations, had stood up for her and had told the family that she was making a wise choice.

All these things passed through Jane Dorman's mind as she sat sipping her tea in the kitchen of her homestead thirty-three years later. Seven thousand pounds to spend after paying tax, all earned in one year and earned honestly; more money than her father had ever dreamed of earning, or any of her family. Extraordinary to think of, and extraordinary that after their hard life the money should mean so little to them. Jack didn't quite know what to do with it, so much was evident, and certainly she didn't.

"I don't know about going home," she said at last. "I don't believe I'd know anybody there now except Aunt Ethel, and I don't suppose I'd recognize *her* now. There was a letter from her in the post today, by the way. I'd like to see the old thing again before she dies, but she's about the only one. She must be getting on for eighty now."

"Wouldn't you like to go and see your old home?" he suggested. He knew how much her mind had turned to that small country house when first she had come to Australia.

She shook her head. "Not now that it's a school. I'd rather remember it as it used to be." Her father had kept two gardeners and a groom, and three servants in the house; she knew that nothing would now resemble the gracious, easy routine of the home that she had lived in as a child.

He did not press her; if she didn't want to go to England that was all right with him. He had only memories of a cold, unfriendly place himself, where he had been ill at ease.

He pushed his chair back from the table. "Like to drive into town this afternoon and put this cheque into the bank?"

She smiled; he was still very young at times. "Don't you trust the postman?"

"No," he said. "Not with twenty-two thousand quid. A thing like that ought to be registered." He paused. "We could take a drive around," he said. "Look in on George and Ann for tea, at Buttercup."

"Giving up work?" she asked.

"That's right," he said. "Just for today."

"Who's going to get tea here for the boys if we go gallivanting off to Buttercup?"

"They can have cold tonight," he said.

"All right." She reached behind her for an envelope upon the table. "Want to read Aunt Ethel's letter?"

"Anything new in it?"

"Not really," she said slowly. "You'd better read it, though."

She tossed it across to him; he unfolded it and began to read.

Jane got up and glanced at the clock and put the saucepan of potatoes on to boil, and put a couple more logs into the stove. Then she sat down again and picked up the pages of the letter as Jack laid them down, and read them through again herself.

It was addressed from Ladysmith Avenue, Ealing, a suburb to the west of London that Jane had never seen. Her aunt's handwriting was very bent and crabbed; at one time she had written legibly, but in the last year or two the writing had got worse and worse. The letter ran:

My dear Child,

Another of your lovely parcels came today all candied peel and currants and sultanas and glacé cherries—such lovely things that we do so enjoy getting just like prewar when you could buy everything like that in the shops. I get so impatient sometimes when I go to buy the rations, which means I must be getting old, seventy-nine next month my dear but I don't feel like it. It was rather a blow when Aggie died but I have quite got over that now and settled down again and last Friday I went out to bridge with Mrs. Morrison because it's three months now and I always say three months mourning is enough for anyone. I'm afraid this is going to be a very long winter I do envy you your winter in our summer because it is quite cold already and coal will be short again.

Jane turned the pages, glancing over her old aunt's ramblings that she had already deciphered once; they were clearly giving Jack some difficulty.

Aggie was Mrs. Agatha Harding, who had shared the house at Ealing with her aunt; she was the widow of an Army officer. Now she was dead, Jane supposed that the old lady must be living alone, although she did not say so. The letter rambled on:

Jennifer came down to spend the day with me one Sunday in August and she is coming again soon. She has grown into such a pretty girl, reddish hair and our family nose, twenty-four this year. She ought to have been presented at Court long ago but everything seems to be so different now and she works in an office at Blackheath—the Ministry of Pensions I think. I asked her if there was a young man and she said no but I expect there is one all the same my dear I hope he's as nice a one as Jack I often think of that time when you were so naughty and ran off and married him and Tom was so angry and how right you were, only I wish you didn't have to live so far away.

Jane wished she didn't live so far away as she read that. It might be worth while to make the long journey back to England just to see this kind old lady again, who still thought of her as a child.

It seems so funny to think of you over fifty and with all your children out in the world and so prosperous with wool my dear I am glad for you. Our Government is so stupid about wool and everything. I went the other day to Sayers to buy a warm vest for the winter but my dear the price was shocking even utility grade. So I told the girl she could keep it and I'd go on with what I've got my dear I do hope things

"Granny!" she called. "It's me—Jennifer. Are you there?" The darkened house was dead silent

are cheaper with you than they are here but I suppose you can always spin your own wool on the station and weave it can't you my grandmother always did that. My dear, thank you again for all your lovely parcels and your letters write again soon and all my love.

Your affectionate Aunt,
Ethel.

"Keeps it up, doesn't she?" said Jack Dorman.

"Yes," said Jane, "she keeps it up. I don't like the thought of her living alone, though, at her age."

"That's since this Aggie died?"

Jane nodded. "It looks as if she's living by herself now, quite alone. I wish we were nearer."

He turned the pages of the letter back. "Who's this Jennifer she speaks about?"

"That's Jennifer Morton, her granddaughter. Her daughter Lucy married Edward Morton—the one that's a doctor in Leicester."

"Oh." He did not know where Leicester was, nor did he greatly care. "This girl Jennifer works in London, does she?"

Jane nodded. "Just outside London, I think. Blackheath."

"Well, can't she go and live with the old girl?"

"I don't know," said Jane. "I don't suppose there's much we can do about it, anyway."

Jack Dorman went out to the yard, and Jane began to lay the kitchen table for the midday dinner. She was vaguely unhappy and uneasy. Whatever sort of way could Aunt Ethel be living in when she could not afford a warm vest for the winter? Why *a* warm vest—why not three or four? Was clothing rationed still? She seemed to remember that clothes rationing had been removed in England.

She stopped laying the table and unfolded the letter and read the passage over again, a little frown of perplexity upon her forehead. There wasn't anything about rationing; she hadn't got the vest because it was expensive. How foolish of her; old people had to have warm clothes, especially in England in the winter. It was true that the price of woollen garments was going up, even in Australia, by leaps and bounds, but Aunt Ethel couldn't be as hard up as that. The family had always had plenty of money. Perhaps she was going a bit senile.

She went and rang the dinner bell outside the fly-screen door, rather depressed.

THAT evening, the Dormans sat before the kitchen stove in wooden armchairs with cushions; they generally sat there in the evening rather than in the parlour, a prim, formal room where nothing was to hand. Jack Dorman was reading the *Leader*, a weekly farming paper, which was about all he ever read. Jane sat with the open letter from Aunt Ethel in her hand, worrying about it.

"I wrote to Myers with a cheque," she said. "They sent a statement for the parcels, seven pounds eighteen and six. I told them to keep sending them, one every month. . . ."

He grunted without looking up. "What are you sending now?"

"I told them to keep sending the dried fruits," she said. "It's what she seems to like."

She turned the letter over, reading it again for the tenth time. "I can't make out about this vest," she said, troubled. "It almost reads as if she's short of money, doesn't it?"

"Could be," he observed. He laid the *Leader* down, and glanced across at his wife. He could still see in her the girl he had brought out from England, stubborn in her love for him to the point of quarrelling with her parents, supported only by this aunt to whom they now sent parcels.

"Like to send her some?" he asked.

She looked up quickly. "Send her money? She might take it as an insult."

"She might buy herself a vest," he said.

She sat in silence for a time. "We couldn't

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

On a bleak crag, Christopher Briggs shows a novice how to climb. Until 1947, when he bought a Welsh hotel, he knew nothing about mountaineering

Chris brings them down from Snowdon's peaks

by RONALD W. CLARK

When the alarm goes, he rouses his hotel guests and sets out to rescue the mountain's victims

IN THE BOOTROOM OF PEN-Y-GWRYD, a little grey-walled hotel among the peaks of Snowdonia in North Wales, the telephone bell suddenly disturbed the silence of the small hours. It was answered by a sleepy-eyed, fair-haired man of middling height, who repeated the message as he faced the racks on which nail-studded climbing boots had been stacked by guests.

"Six of them?" he inquired in a strong Yorkshire voice. "From Llanberis, over the tops and down to Capel? And you haven't heard anything at all? Rightho, we'll get moving."

A few minutes later Christopher Briggs, the thirty-eight year old Yorkshireman who keeps the hotel, was driving up the corkscrew road from Pen-y-Gwryd to the head of the Llanberis Pass. He turned down, between the enclosing rocky walls, to the climbers' club huts, where he knew that he would find men who knew the mountains well.

The story he had to tell was a familiar one. Six youths with little experience of the mountains had left their hostel in Llanberis early the previous day. They were going over the summit of Snowdon, they had told the warden, then down to a hostel at Capel Curig. Now, seventeen hours later, they had still failed to turn up, and the mountain rescue organization was being set in motion.

Under Chris Briggs's guidance, volunteers from the huts and his hotel were organized into search parties. Each was given a particular area of the mist-shrouded mountains to cover, and it was planned that they would gather high on the peaks at first light.

To the onlooker it was an impressive piece of organization. To Briggs, who has been out on seventy-five rescues and searches on the Snowdon mountains during the last five years—and who has helped to bring down more than forty injured men and women as well as thirty bodies—it was an almost routine affair.

"The bite was in the tail of that effort, although I suppose you'd say that it had a happy ending," he says. "We had suggested to the police in Llanberis that they'd better check up with the boys' families. Just as we were

about to move off we got a call from the police. All six of the blighters were back in their beds at home—they'd just changed their minds and hadn't troubled to tell anyone."

Five years ago Briggs was a successful business man in a Manchester chemical firm. He had wandered about the Lakeland summits with his bright-eyed wife, Jo, but neither of them had gone in for what the expert calls "real" climbing and the inexperienced often calls "mucking about with ropes." Today, he is something more than one of the most experienced mountain rescuers in the country. He is the latest in a long procession of Pen-y-Gwryd characters which began with the almost legendary Henry Owen, who took over the inn 107 years ago.

Society Of Welsh Rabbits

In 1870, C. E. Mathews, one of the great Victorian climbers, founded at Pen-y-Gwryd the Society of Welsh Rabbits for the exploration of Snowdonia in winter. Later these meetings developed into the Climbers' Club. In 1921 Pat Kelly founded at Pen-y-Gwryd the Pinnacle Club, an elect body of women rock-climbers.

"There are twenty-seven places in Britain," Briggs explains, "where the Mountain Rescue committee has set up first-aid posts. At each of these, mountain rescue kit, such as a special stretcher and a first-aid rucksack, is kept. Pen-y-Gwryd is one of them—and while I was responsible only for keeping the kit in good condition when I took over the hotel in 1947, I decided that I had better learn to use it as well."

His first lesson was how to climb difficult rocks in safety. The second was to devise a system of co-operation with the police (who are technically responsible for mountain rescues, but in practice leave them to the rescue teams), climbers from the huts, and men of the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Team, who are sometimes called in from distant Anglesey.

Of the scores of rescues or searches in which Chris has taken part, two-thirds have been the fault of inexperienced mountain-wanderers.

"Most accidents are caused by one of three things—lack of proper equipment or clothes, not enough care and concentration, or failure to allow enough time, particularly during the short winter days. If one of these gets a climber into trouble, failure to have left word where he was going can easily finish him off."

The locals say that in good weather one can "wheel grandma up the Llanberis track" of Snowdon. But it can easily be treacherous in bad weather.

"We found one chap dead after hours of searching in enough snow to turn any ordinary walk into a mountaineering excursion," says Chris. "He'd only broken a leg, but that had kept him pinned to one place, and he had died of exposure. Believe it or not, all he was wearing other than boots was a pair of flannel trousers, a shirt, and a sports jacket!" A light pullover, a wind-cheater and a small reserve of food carried in his pockets would almost certainly have saved his life.

Lack of concentration can turn a pleasant mountain scramble into a tragedy. Chris Briggs tells of a girl who went round the Snowdon Horseshoe, the finest of all "high-level walks" in Britain. It is something of a scramble, even under good conditions, starting from the 3,025-foot summit of Crib Goch, the first "nail" in the Horseshoe, and should not be attempted by novices. But, apparently without difficulty, this youthful scrambler reached the top of Crib Goch, successfully traversed the "knife-edge," a rather sensational passage a few hundred yards long with steep drops on each side, and then climbed over the three famous pinnacles above the great Snowdon cwms or valleys.

"Then she came up on to one of the broad grass patches well beyond the dangerous stretches. She went near the edge to look over into one of the cwms, caught one of her socks in the tags of her boots and pitched over a 200-foot drop."

When Speed Is Vital

Not all accidents end unhappily. Often, the speed of mountain rescue may mean the difference between life and death. There was the case of the man on Lliwedd, the 2,947-foot peak whose twin summits form the last "nail" in the Snowdon Horseshoe.

"He had fallen on 'Paradise,' one of the more difficult rock climbs there, and was quite a long way down, with an eight-inch gash in his back actually exposing his spine. Although he had managed to limp almost down off the climb with the help of his companion, it was lucky we got to him when we did."

Injured men can perform extraordinary feats, says Briggs. One climber broke his pelvis and then walked down the hundreds of feet of the zigzags at the top of the Pyg Track before he was met by the rescue party.

Briggs's longest search took place within little more than two miles of the hotel. "We knew a climber was missing somewhere on the Horseshoe, and we managed to get three search parties together. We split up and looked all the first day. It was useless to go on in the dark, and we started again at first light." Once again the little groups, with torches and whistles, went out, searching on the rock-faces, in the gullies, and among the maze of boulders and minor crags. "It was a good many hours before we found the body on that second day. Then we realized that one of the parties must have gone within a few yards of it early on the first day."

Only A Skeleton Was Found

Every mountain accident underlines the importance of the climber telling someone as precisely as possible where he may be during the day. "The best example of the need for that," says Chris, "was the fellow who told his people in Portsmouth that he was going up to Snowdonia. Nothing more was heard of it, and there wasn't even any evidence that he'd ever booked in anywhere in the area. A £50 reward was offered for news of him, but failed to bring any results."

A long time afterwards his skeleton was found near the Bristly Ridge, a rocky but comparatively easy spine. "There were no injuries and, as far as anyone could see, he had just sat down in the snow and died of exposure. Although there were scores of climbers in the area, it was months before he was found."

The first news of an accident can come to Briggs in one of many ways. "Sometimes Sergeant Emlyn Williams phones up from Llanberis police station. Sometimes the news is brought by a climber who has seen the accident, and who comes running in through the door."

When an alarm comes, the routine is first to inform the police, then to round up enough people from the climbers' huts or the hotel; in one recent rescue effort the whole of the fifteen-man party consisted of Pen-y-Gwryd guests. Then Briggs plans his campaign and fixes a rendezvous on the mountain.

Briggs himself usually carries the forty-pound first-aid rucksack, which contains gut for stitches, forceps, an eiderdown cover with waterproof top, an electric head-torch, a glacier lantern, and morphia in a special form, which Briggs administers when necessary to ease pain.

If details and place of the accident are known, the mountain stretcher will be taken by other members of the party. So will a good many quarts of hot tea, and hundreds of feet of rope, which may be needed to get casualties down off difficult crags.

"One problem is that, in the nature of things, we usually get most accidents at our busiest time in the hotel." At Easter last year, when Pen-y-Gwryd was packed, Chris went on three rescue journeys in twenty-four hours.

Back at the hotel, his wife, Jo, has two main jobs—supervising the relays of sandwiches and hot drinks which are likely to be called for throughout the night, and dealing with the phone.

His Advice—Hurry Slowly

Briggs's advice to new climbers is: "Hurry slowly." He says that a map and compass are essential, but adds: "It's no use just *having* them; you must know how to use them."

Thoughtless wanderers in Switzerland have to foot the rescue bill themselves. The British Mountain Rescue committee, Briggs points out, is maintained by voluntary subscriptions made up almost entirely by climbing clubs, and these funds are used without discrimination to help everybody in danger.

"But," he adds, "I wonder if those who treat the Welsh mountains without respect wouldn't be a bit more thoughtful if they had to pay up." THE END

With his guests, Briggs (centre) relaxes in his hotel. But he is ready to turn out at any hour

His lungs ached with running, and he felt sick. But the bull was coming at him, there was barely half a second to spare. He raised his hand

KILLER BULL

by **DUDLEY HOYS**

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

The set of darts stood between Teddie and an ugly death. More than ever before, he needed a bullseye

THE GAME OF DARTS came late to our dale, but when it came it spread fast. One of the first to take it up was Teddie Ling. He took it up with such intensity that it became almost an obsession with him—an obsession that could have ruined his life, but instead, as it happened, saved it.

Teddie was a thinnish, easy-going chap, with a long nose, sleepy brown eyes, and a wisp of hair that stuck out under the back of his cap like a bantam's tail. He had been with Jim Dixon, of Hazelgarth, ever since leaving school. When he was in his late twenties he fell in love with a girl named Eva Brown, who lived near Penrith. That set him wanting a farm of his own, and he put his name down with the National Trust, they being owners of a good many places in Lakeland.

It was just about this time that darts became popular in the dale, and Teddie found himself developing into a star turn. It meant, of course, admiration and free drinks, and both were bad for him. In a few months he had slipped into the habit of swallowing more than he could carry, and his work began to suffer.

The most astonishing part about it was that the more he had to drink, the more deadly accurate grew the flick of that arming hand. At a stage when he could scarcely keep his balance, he would plant three in a bed. It was uncanny. He always used his own set, with feathered flights, and kept his points sharp with emery paper.

Hazelgarth being close to the Fox, he spent his spare time there, playing in matches, giving demonstrations, and drinking too much. Not that it changed his character. He was still likeable and kindly and ready to oblige a neighbour. For instance, John Tryson, the landlord, ran a farm as well as the Fox, with 300 Herdwicks, a few cows, and a nasty-tempered Friesian bull called Satan that spent its time cooped in a rough little field near the house. When free, Teddie would willingly give him a hand. But drink was making him unreliable, forgetful; and everybody felt sorry about it.

Dixon, a tall, solemn man, warned him on several occasions. Then, one morning about a month before lambing, there was the devil to pay. Teddie had stumbled down at seven o'clock rather blearily, to milk. Across the stack-yard came the clatter of Dixon's clogs. He stood there in the doorway, his face dark. One finger beckoned, and Teddie got up, wondering uneasily. Dixon led him across the yard, through the gate to the poultry run. The sliding doors were open. Feathers and limp, brownish blobs were scattered about.

Teddie gaped.

"I've counted twenty-three," said Dixon between his teeth. "Mebbe there's more. And the others'll stop layin' for a day or two. You know what happens when a fox gets among them."

Teddie opened his mouth, thought better of it, and remained silent.

Dixon said: "It's not the first time I've told you. Were you drunk?"

'I—I'm sorry.'

"Went straight to the Fox last night, eh? Never bothered to remember the hens."

Teddy shifted his feet. Dixon stared at him evenly. He said: "You've been with me twelve years, Teddie. It's not easy to turn you out. But if things go on like this——"

Teddie mumbled more apologies, and scratched his head until the wisp of hair was standing almost vertically. Dixon slid a hand into his pocket, and took out a letter.

"You've written to the National Trust, puttin' in for Fellfoot Farm."

"Ay. Me an' Eva——'

"I'd like to see you married and farmin' on your own," Dixon broke in heavily. "But do you think you're capable? The National Trust have written to me, asking about your character." He looked sternly at Teddie. "What am I to say? That you're gettin' feckless with drink?"

Teddie shuffled. Dixon said: "There's no hurry for reply. A week or two'll do, mebbe. Pull yourself together, an' I'll do all I can. But mark this. If you don't, I'm not going to tell them owt but truth." He raised his voice. It was sharp yet encouraging. "Stop bein' a fool, and you'll have nowt to worry about."

WELL, that was that. Teddie had seen the red light, and made up his mind to turn over a new leaf. For a few days he kept resolutely away from the Fox. Every evening, after tidying up, he would take out his darts, examine them lovingly, shake his head, and put them back in the case. The better to hold temptation at bay, he would spend the remaining bit of daylight by tackling some voluntary job. There was always plenty to do. After dark was the most severe test. Not being much of a

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PICTURES FROM TED RAY'S ALBUM: "Me in my natty get-up as Nedlo, the Gipsy Violinist. My sash was mother's table-runner"

"Mr. Jazon, my first agent. Play your fiddle but don't crack gags, was his advice. Here he is with Ann Rogers, a star in his latest show"

"Ernie Towell. I made my début in a talent-spotting contest he ran at the Palace Cinema in Prescot. I won the first prize—ten bob"

My life of fiddling and fooling (3)

I go on tour—and get the bird

by TED RAY

Touring the halls as Nedlo the Gipsy, Ted thought himself a real pro. But the greatest thrill came when the comic in the show was booed off the stage—and he stepped into the breach

IT WAS AT A PARTY IN LIVERPOOL that I first got the chance of becoming a variety artist. I was about twenty-one at the time, playing the violin in a dance band a few nights a week, but otherwise "browned off" with life. I had tried being a clerk and a steward on a liner, but neither of these eminent professions seemed right for me. I knew I wanted to be an entertainer, but I had no idea how to start.

At this party there was a fellow with bright blue eyes and hair brushed straight back, playing at the piano. His name was Harry Wardle and he was a wonderful player. He could make a piano talk. He was playing a song I knew, so I got up on the piano and started to sing. That went down very well, and somebody soon handed us the inevitable compliment: "You two ought to go on the stage."

We walked home together, and I said: "You know, it would be wonderful, wouldn't it? To go on the stage, I mean."

"Oh, I've done it. Don't you know that I'm one of the original Chicago Three?" replied Wardle, carelessly. I was impressed, for although I had never heard of the Chicago Three, they sounded imposing. The title seemed magical and American, and not until later did it occur to me that their act had never gone much farther west than Warrington!

I went round to Harry's house the next evening, and we got together a few songs. I put a bit of violin playing in, and so we worked up a little act. One night, after the Clubmoor Cinema closed, we gave an audition to the manager. He booked us—for £10 a week. I was amazed—£5 a week each for doing this! I would have done it for nothing. I would even have paid for the opportunity. It worked out quite well, and Wardle and Olden, the Piano Boys (that was when I was still known by my real name of Charlie Olden), started touring all the cinemas in the town.

Joke Was On Us

At one of them the manager came up to us on the Monday, and said: "The picture's being changed on Thursday; you'll have to change, too." We were so green that we changed our trousers instead of our repertoire. We found two pairs of check trousers which Wardle had, and when we opened our act on the Thursday we got screams of laughter where there should not have been any. Afterwards, the manager came round and said to Wardle: "Would you tell your partner to do himself up before he comes on the stage?" There wasn't one button on the trousers in the place where they're most needed.

The time soon came when it seemed to me that every audience in the city had seen our show. One day I asked Wardle if he had noticed that people did not seem quite so receptive. "I think they're getting tired of our stuff," I said. "Couldn't we go a bit farther out, and try one or two other towns?"

Harry shook his head. "Sorry, Charlie, but I daren't take the gamble—too many responsibilities." He had a family, and a job in the daytime. I told him we should have to split, and our double act came to an end. He saw my point of view, and we remained the best of friends.

I soon found it was one thing to abandon a successful partnership but quite another to get a "break" on my own. I began to get anxious, a little edgy—and there was very little encouragement at home. My father had himself suffered too much from the ups and downs of an actor's life to sympathize with the ambitions of a young beginner. "Son, for every one who succeeds, there are hundreds who fail." That was Dad's favourite piece of advice, and no one knew better than he the vicissitudes of "the profession."

All My Own Composition

Despite this, I was determined to have a go at my own act, and I worked up a turn consisting of playing the violin and singing a parody or two of my own composition. Parodies were very popular in those days—things like, *I got up as day was dawning, Went to the labour exchange this morning, A notice there said final warning, There's no work for you.* I could have written a book about the labour exchange—I used almost to live there.

At the Palace Cinema, Prescot, the manager had inaugurated a talent-spotting competition for budding variety artists, every Friday night. This was not exactly what I had in mind for my grand début, but at least it was something, and one Friday I trotted off full of confidence with my "props" and fiddle case.

Shortly before, it had occurred to me that it was about time I abandoned the name of Olden. It was not very interesting, I thought, nor would it look very striking on the bills. I racked my brains to think of some unusual and impressive name which would appeal to the public and would also be likely to linger in the memory of any agents who happened to see me working. After some sleepless nights I evolved a name which nobody could deny was unusual, whatever

"With Ben Warriss of 'Jewel and Warriss' fame. Ben was doing a black-faced act when we first met twenty-five years ago. We were both novices then, and used to yarn endlessly about our ambitions"

else one might think about it. I decided to call myself "Hugh Neek." (Unique—U-nique—Hugh-nique—Hugh Neek. See? I thought it was brilliant.)

As I changed in one of the two dressing-rooms that the Palace boasted, I wondered just what this "audition" was going to mean to me. Would it mean failure—or would my rather impetuous break with Harry be justified?

It never occurred to me then that anybody could be funny in ordinary clothes, and I dressed myself in a queer get-up consisting of a filthy old mackintosh, a battered bowler hat and a scarf. In the guise of this seedy-looking individual I sang my parodies and then dashed into the wings. I whipped off mack, scarf and hat and reappeared on the stage to play the violin, this time being discovered in one of my father's old dinner jackets and "dress-shirt dicky" cut out of paper, with a celluloid collar. I brought the act to a close with a few more verses—again extemporized—to ukelele accompaniment, in front of the curtain.

Forced To Retire Hurt

By any standards, to perform in such circumstances was something of an ordeal. Even acts which I secretly admired only got modest applause. Others would "get the bird" almost upon their entrance, and would last barely half a minute before they were forced to retire hurt. The manager, Ernie Towell, came up to me while I was standing in the wings and said: "What's your name, son? You're next." With as much nonchalance as I could muster I gave him my new-found and, as I considered, brilliant title, Hugh Neek. Ernie walked in front of the curtain and said: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are going to be entertained by Mr. Hush Weak."

To my joy, my act seemed to be exactly what the audience wanted. I had a really terrific reception, and at the end of the evening's proceedings I was declared the winner and awarded a prize of ten shillings. But it wasn't the money that was important. It was the fact that Ernie Towell said: "Now, look, there are some very big agents in front. Would you like to see them? You'll find them in the pub across the road."

I went across to the pub. "Here he is," they said. "Here's the boy. Well done, son, well done. Now, Mr. Weak——" I said: "Neek—Hugh Neek." "Eh? Oh, yes, Hugh Neek. We've been thinking about this. Are you open for engagements? Can you travel around?" All this time, of course, I was spending my ten bob on beer for these merchants while I drank my lemonade. When I came out I had no promise of any work, but lots of talk about it.

A couple of days later I did hear from one of these agents. "Look," he said, "there's a friend of mine and I think he can get you some work." And he did. Three-day engagements for £5, less ten per cent commission. I was "in."

From then on I considered myself a real professional, and had cards printed with the impressive words "ON TOUR" in the corner. I had heard that the presentation of a card obtained free entry into any theatre, and I boasted of this to some of my pals. "Go on," they jeered. That put my back up. "I'll show you," I answered. "Come to the Hippodrome tonight and we'll all get in for nothing."

So four of my friends and I walked past the queue for the second house, Saturday night, and I asked for the manager. He came forward and said: "Yes?" I handed him my card and said: "Four, please." He looked at me, and said: "How long have you been in this business?" I said: "Six weeks." He said: "I thought so. Get the hell out of here." I learned later that an artist *can* get in for nothing—to matinées, when the house is not full.

One afternoon, a variety agent named E. C. Jazon was sitting in the back row of the circle at the New Coliseum, Liverpool. He was half of a firm called Jazon and Montgomery, who were then about the biggest theatrical agents in and around Liverpool. Afterwards Jazon told me that he had had a heavy morning's work and a good lunch on top of it and, feeling tired, had slipped into the Coliseum for a nap. He enjoyed forty winks and was oblivious to everything that was going on until suddenly the orchestra struck up and he woke with a start.

Sent Round His Card

He sat up for a moment to take notice just in time to see me walk on to the stage and do my act. Perhaps he was in a particularly genial frame of mind, but the long and the short of it was that he thought I had possibilities. For the first time in my life an agent "sent round his card." On it was an invitation to call at his office the next morning. I was thrilled to the core.

The thought of it kept me awake most of the night, and I was up bright and early to accept the invitation. Jazon was everything I had expected an agent to be. He was a big, florid man complete with the conventional huge signet ring and the habit of smoking large cigars at whatever time of day one saw him.

He took me into his office, looked me over, and growled: "Now, son, I think you've got something, but you make one big mistake. You should never talk."

"Never talk, what d'you mean?" I asked, astounded.

"Well, the violin stuff's fine, but those gags!" He made a face. Naturally, I felt a bit downhearted about this, but before I could protest that I thought I wasn't a bad comedian, he went on: "Now, what we'd better do is find some kind of character for you to bring into your act. What shall it be? Tramp violinist? No, that's been done. What about the gipsy violinist? That would be just the thing."

There were several acts of this type going round: Alfredo, the Vagabond Violinist, and Renaldo, the Wandering Violinist, were two of them. "Now we've got to find you a name—you can't use this 'Hugh Neek'," added Jazon. This was another blow to my pride. He said: "We'll fix you up. Come and see me next week." I went out, puzzling over a name, and it struck me that there had been several cases of artists turning their name round backwards; for instance, there was Dan Rolyat—his name was Taylor. I noticed that my name, "Olden," would turn round quite easily to "Nedlo." So I became Nedlo, the Gipsy Violinist.

A Strolling Romany Was I

In the dressing-table mirror at home I surveyed critically a figure around whose head was tied a workman's red handkerchief. I wore an ordinary shirt tinted a vivid blue with the aid of a twopenny dye and tucked into a pair of serge trousers, rather the worse for wear. Now for a sash round the waist. This should have been a fine coloured sash of silk, but the best I could do was one of my mother's table-runners. The picture of a strolling Romany musician was touched off by a pair of brass curtain rings fastened round my ears with elastic.

The act I played with Jazon worked out like this: first I would play a snatch of "Songs of Araby" in the wings. Then I would stroll on as a wandering violinist with what I fondly hoped was a romantic swagger, and play tzigane

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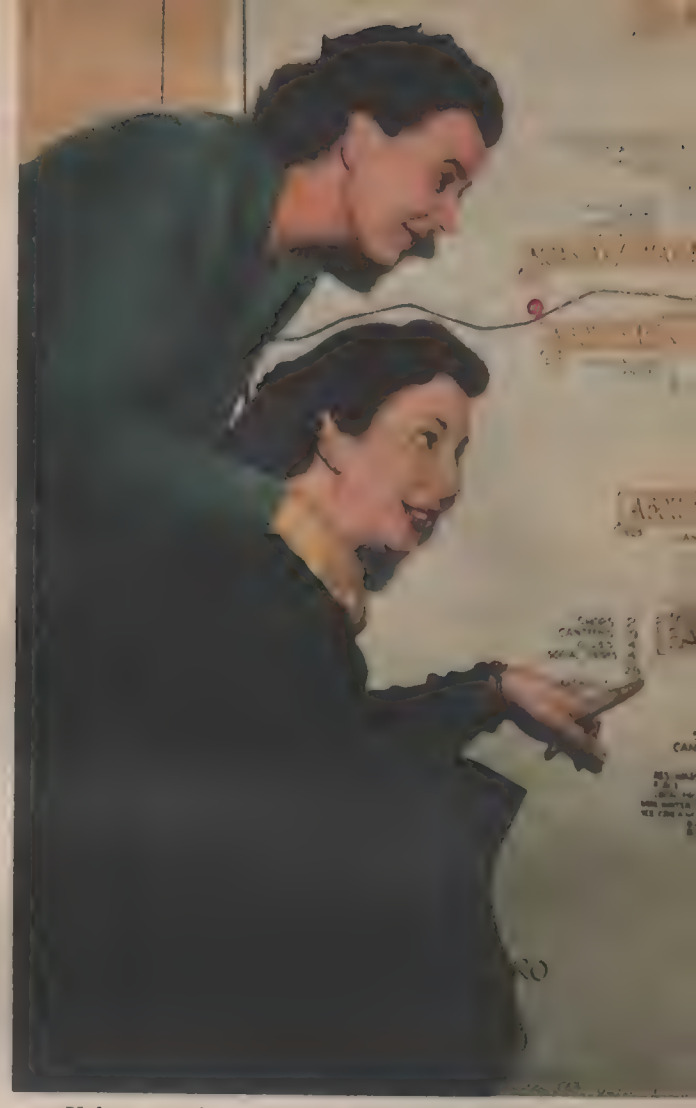
Where N.A.A.F.I. glitters : manager Randle Feilden with Servicemen in the Aldershot club



Volunteers for canteens in the Middle East. In one day

Big business that brings cheer to the trouble spots

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Into their canteens, Servicemen pour £70,000,000 a year. In return, N.A.A.F.I. follows them right into the front line—by parachute or helicopter if there is no other way

THE CANADIAN TANK COMMANDER wiped the lens on his binoculars before taking a second look. In the far distance he could barely distinguish a tiny, box-like object moving slowly towards him from the direction of the North Korean lines. He barked an order and the turret of each tank revolved until the guns pointed at the unidentified vehicle. Gunners pressed their faces against their periscopes; wireless operators turned from their sets and prepared to feed shells into the breech. The commander kept his glasses trained on the target as it twisted and turned along a narrow track.

As it crawled within range, the intruder began to take shape. The one word "Fire!" would be enough to blast it off the Korean landscape, but the tank commander hesitated. The box-like shape seemed familiar, and as it approached he picked out an oval crest painted over the cab and the words MOBILE CANTEEN. The tank gunners watched warily for some North Korean version of the Trojan Horse. The canteen rumbled up and proved its identity by serving the thirsty Canadians with a unique beverage known to British Servicemen all over the world —steaming mugs of N.A.A.F.I. tea.

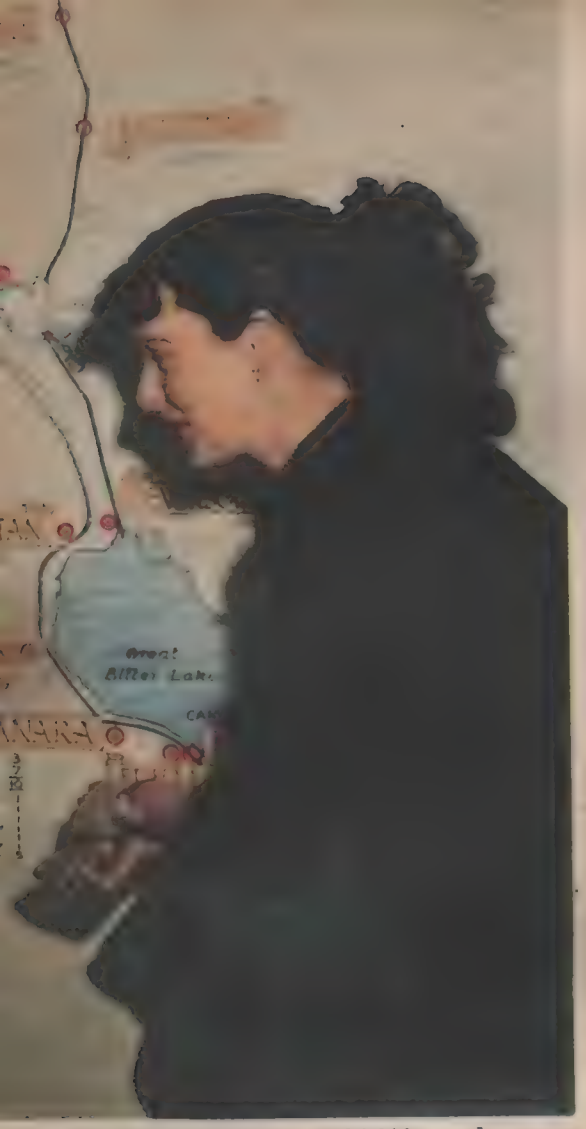
Painted Crest Saved Him

The N.A.A.F.I. driver who wheeled up to the tank unit was the subject of a complaint that eventually reached the headquarters of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes at Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Surrey. "But for the writing on the front of the van," the report stated, "the vehicle would have been shot up. The driver of the van, when he finally arrived, explained that the road surface was much better by that route and he did not want to bounce his stock about too much."

This sort of complaint secretly pleases Randle Guy Feilden (pronounced Fielden) who, at forty-seven, is a retired major-general and N.A.A.F.I's general manager. One of Montgomery's bright young generals (he gained the rank at forty), Feilden admits to an occasional grumble at N.A.A.F.I. in the days when he was "on the other side of the counter." Since joining the organization a little more than two years ago, he has been under no illusion that N.A.A.F.I. is universally accepted as the Serviceman's fairy godmother. However, he maintains that N.A.A.F.I. is no longer a butt for comedians' jokes, either in Egypt or Korea, and that elsewhere in its world-wide operations complaints are few and usually the result of misunderstandings.

Feilden spent most of his first year as general manager in studying the N.A.A.F.I. machine. This is a vast buying, catering and merchandizing organization with an annual turnover of £70,000,000. But it has to bear many losses, as it did recently in Ismailia, when £25,000 was lost in one day of looting and burning. It serves 300,000 cups of tea a day in the United Kingdom and buys more than half the food the Army and Air Force eat. N.A.A.F.I's meat factory produces 834 miles of sausage every year, and its

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP



f looting and burning there, £25,000 was lost

stock of supplies includes 120 Father Christmas costumes. In addition to its tea, which it buys, blends and brews according to a special formula, N.A.A.F.I. purveys such items as 180,000 balloons a year. Its laboratory tests all goods sold and is a world authority on Blanco.

According to one of Feilden's staff, the organization's twelve buyers cover the world's commodities, "and there is practically nothing that N.A.A.F.I. doesn't buy, either for sale or use." Aircraft, parachutes and helicopters have all been used to speed goods to Service units. The organization has issued a single cheque for £10,500,000 (payable to the Treasury) and undoubtedly holds something of a record in running up overdrafts without so much as a frown from the bank.

Huge canteen profits were built up during the first World War before N.A.A.F.I. began to function, and the legend that N.A.A.F.I. accumulates large surpluses persists. One of Feilden's executives tells of picking up a newspaper during the last war and reading a leader calling on N.A.A.F.I. to disclose what it was going to do with its profits. "When I got to the office," the official says, "I called the bank and asked after the state of our account. The reply was that we owed the bank £12,000,000."

They Work Like A Co-op.

The bank was happy to extend credit to N.A.A.F.I., which, during the war, was operating on a yearly turnover of £200,000,000. As "an association not for profit," N.A.A.F.I. operates on the principles of a co-operative society. Surpluses are disposed of in rebates, discounts and amenities. In one war year N.A.A.F.I. returned £8,200,000 to the Forces—£6,000,000 in cash, £1,200,000 in E.N.S.A. entertainment and £1,000,000 to benevolent funds and the Red Cross prisoner-of-war fund. In wartime, N.A.A.F.I. buyers thought nothing of spending £8,000 a day on potatoes or £3,000,000 a month on cigarettes.

N.A.A.F.I's primary purpose is the operation of canteens for the Navy, Army and R.A.F. According to Feilden, the sailors are the most appreciative customers, possibly because the N.A.A.F.I. men on board ship share the life of the men they serve. There was a N.A.A.F.I. employee, John McNamara, on board *Amethyst* during the incident on the Yangtze. He was accepted as one of the ship's company and at the end of *Amethyst's* dash for freedom, the commander asked for permission for McNamara to join in the splicing of the mainbrace.

The naval canteen service also incorporates a fleet of launches which have endeared themselves to sailors. These craft have been known to take advantage of their shallow draft to cross minefields and deliver supplies. They have taken part in rescue operations and one, *Ruxley*, claims to have shot down a Nazi aircraft.

The launches are operated by coxswains. On one occasion the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet is reported to have ordered the canteen launches alongside his flagship for inspection. "The Captain of the Fleet boarded each in turn," says the N.A.A.F.I. version. "In one, he spotted a beetle. He pointed a stern finger at it, whereupon the coxswain said: 'Must have boarded us from a battleship, sir.' The captain moved on, mouth twitching."

No Bricks From The Navy

"The Navy take the attitude that the canteen service is theirs," Feilden says. "Where in the Army or Air Force they throw bricks at N.A.A.F.I., the Navy say: 'What can we do to put this right?'"

All three Services employ a system of committees to which other ranks elect representatives. Twice a year each Service has a session at N.A.A.F.I. headquarters, where delegates can fire questions. Occasionally, complaints come direct to headquarters and one the staff cherish came from an A.T.S. corporal. It was during the war and N.A.A.F.I. had received instructions from the Ministry of Food to use tinned milk in tea. "We want fresh milk," the indignant corporal wrote. "N.A.A.F.I. must take the bull by the horns and demand it."

On land, N.A.A.F.I's drivers and canteen assistants are frequently its best ambassadors and earn the organization the same affection from soldiers and airmen that sailors have for their canteen service. One highly esteemed canteen was Noah's Ark, in the Western Desert. It was famed for its hardboiled eggs and the demand was so great that the staff disconnected their bathtub, erected it over a bonfire and boiled hundreds of eggs at a time.

During the withdrawal in 1942, so many lorries stopped at Noah's Ark that General Auchinleck himself had to order their dispersal. By the time the canteen packed up, it had served 100,000 hardboiled eggs.

The tradition has been kept up in Korea. Not long ago, a squadron of British tanks was lined up on one side of a river, engaging the enemy some distance away on the other side. In return the tanks were being well mortared. The crews were inside the vehicles with hatches tightly shut, when one of the tankmen spotted a N.A.A.F.I. mobile van through his periscope.

Enemy Fire Was Ignored

The van had stalled. "The information," says R. C. McKechney, who recently returned from Korea, "was passed from tank to tank by wireless and in a matter of seconds every tank opened up its hatches. Ignoring the enemy mortars, the crews dashed on to the road and pushed the van behind a hump of high ground. Here, for ten minutes, they lost all further interest in the battle until the O.C. sent orders to get back inside and 'send that tottering old wagon back where it came from.'"

N.A.A.F.I. is committed to open a canteen wherever a hundred Servicemen are gathered together. Occasionally, where there is hardship, one is established for fewer men. The Service concerned makes its requirements known and N.A.A.F.I. does the rest. Feilden's staff includes a planning department that calculates the approximate needs of any force that one of the three Services may organize. Local conditions sometimes upset these calculations. In Korea, an unprecedented demand for pipes developed. Investigation showed the troops were turning to pipes because of the psychological satisfaction from a warm bowl of burning tobacco in the midst of a Korean winter. N.A.A.F.I. agents quickly rounded up a stock of briars.

Other N.A.A.F.I. experts keep close watch on changes of taste. Servicemen drink very little beer, and the younger ones prefer minerals or milk. It is estimated that, among National Servicemen, the percentage of teetotallers is as high as seventy. Sweet cakes are becoming more

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N.A.A.F.I. at Deal. National Servicemen like sweet cakes. Seven out of ten are teetotallers

Visit to Shamva

by LARRY FINN

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE CHARLES

"Prison" was what the white men called it. Umjaan had never known such splendour

UMJAAN WAS SHARING A CAMPFIRE and pleasantly drinking beer with the other *indunas* of the kraal when the subject of white men came up. Regretfully, he had to confess that his knowledge of them was scant. Twice, as a young man and captain of one of the royal impis, he had fought against them, and later, at the peace treaties, in which he had participated as an *induna*, or councillor, he had found them great talkers with mouths full of smiles; and yet he was still no wiser about them than he had been the day he drove his spear through the body of the first one he had ever met.

"They are all wizards," one *induna* said gloomily.

"No, they are men like us," said another. "And I should know, for I killed enough of them."

"I am an old man," Umjaan said cheerfully, "but I have heard so much about the white men that I feel I ought to go and see for myself."

There were murmurs of assent and murmurs of disapproval, but Umjaan waved a hand and quieted them. "I shall, of course," he added, "go alone. For surely the *Walungu* will know of me, Umjaan, wisest of the king's *indunas*. Therefore it is unnecessary to go with great pomp and ceremony."

A sober voice suggested that perhaps Umjaan was reverting to childhood, but the old *induna* just laughed and helped himself to more beer.

"Go then, Umjaan," the sober voice said. "But if you should happen to avoid getting lost, or being eaten by lions, or dying from fatigue by the wayside, then surely some evil will befall you in the kraal of the *Walungu*. Remember, we have survived because we have not mixed with them."

But there was no discouraging Umjaan from visiting the white man's town of Shamva, which was situated a day's journey away. He set out the following morning, carrying a little food in a bag, a splendid but impractical ceremonial spear, and a cloak of monkey skins.

The few members of his tribe he met along the road greeted him with respect, making his thin blood kindle with pride as it had in the old days when he had reviewed his regiment before going into battle.

Some time later, he was delighted to see a white man on a bicycle, and raising his hand, he called out, "*Mangwanani, bruga mina*—Greetings, my brother!"

The white man, who had been pedalling with his head down, suddenly looked up, swerved to avoid the old man in the middle of the road, and came to an abrupt halt in the grass. He was a big Afrikander with a very red face, and he shouted: "Vy don' you get out off der roat, blotty ol' fool!"

Umjaan acknowledged the waved fist with another salute; and the white man, rolling his eyes skywards, picked up his bicycle impatiently, and rode off. With the inward glow of a man who has just had a chance meeting with a very old friend, Umjaan continued his journey.

THE car was standing well off the road when Umjaan, who by now was very tired, came abreast of it. There was no one in sight, and his gnarled old hand was about to touch the windshield in delicate appreciation when he heard a voice. Startled, he glanced carefully about him in all directions.

"No, I'm here, old chap. Down here." A pale young man in khaki shorts crawled from under the car and slowly got up with a shy grin. "Spot of trouble," he said, tugging embarrassedly at his small ginger moustache.

Umjaan grinned back, saying in Cheswana: "I am Umjaan, *induna* and captain of the Bapedi. May your crops flourish, and your wives bear many children!"

"Oh ah!" The young man was new to the country, but he had a vague suspicion that it wasn't quite the right thing to be seen hobnobbing with a native. Retreating slightly, he said, "Oh ah!" again.

But Umjaan, with his innate sense of propriety, was already withdrawing, his right hand raised in salute. As soon as he was out of sight of the car, Umjaan crept into the bush and lay down to sleep. Shamva was much farther away than he had thought, and if he was to enjoy it to the full he must arrive fresh and alert.

It was dusk when he woke up, and the fear of being caught in the bush during darkness sent him scurrying along the road. He was only reassured when he caught a glimpse of lights in the distance and realized that Shamva was somewhere in the vicinity, after all. All the same, it was hours before he reached it, and when he did, tired but happy, he strolled calmly along the pavement and gazed in wonder at the shop windows. He was quite unaware that he

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The trooper cut short the old man's greeting. "No blinkin' pass!" he said. "You're for it!"

'Fragile–handle roughly' is his motto

by KEITH ELLIS

Everything comes apart in Frank Paine's hands. His diabolical machines give any parcel the roughest trip of its life. But the results help to cut the cost of everything that needs packaging

FRANK PAINE IS A thirty-one year old scientist with horn-rimmed spectacles, medium brown hair and a thin moustache. His disarming manner in no way suggests that he spends much of his time attacking neatly made-up parcels and packages with a whole armoury of diabolical testing equipment to see just how much knocking about they can stand. His full official title is Packaging Inquiry Officer and Head of the Package Testing Laboratory of the British Printing, Packaging and Allied Trades Research Association at Leatherhead, Surrey, called, in the trade, Patra.

One of his happiest field days came when the manufacturer of a chemical product presented him with samples of two types of fibreboard and one type of wooden case. "I make a canned chemical product," explained the manufacturer, "which I hope to sell in the Middle and Far East. I want you to tell me which is the best case to pack them in." He pointed out that handling facilities at most Eastern ports are extremely primitive, and that the cases would sometimes be carried by mule train over rough roads. They would also be exposed to tropical rain, to a wide range of temperatures, and to the humid atmosphere of swamps and jungles.

Fixing A Trolley Smash

Paine went to work. He dropped the cases from various heights and noted how long each survived. He tested them in a revolving drum fitted with trips so cunningly set that the case being tested is dropped on every angle, corner and surface. He placed them on a trolley on an inclined ramp, released the trolley and let it crash with its load. For a month, the cases were stored in high, humid temperatures, with the equivalent of a ten-minute tropical shower at the end of each week. After all this, Paine was able to report that a corrugated fibreboard case was the most suitable for the job, and the manufacturer was able to go ahead with his plans.

Another firm consulted Patra after it had placed a tentative order for £30,000 worth of packaging materials. Paine reported that the material was probably harmful to the products; he saved the firm £30,000 and, perhaps, even its good name.

Paine, and the gleaming laboratories he controls, symbolize the new approach to packaging. Even the word is new, dreamed up in America in the early thirties; the simpler word "packing" was already a technical term in another trade. Packaging includes everything from a cigarette carton costing a fraction of a penny to the protection needed by a complicated piece of machinery for export. This may cost £1,000.

"Packaging," says Paine, "is a means of conveying an object from manufacturer to consumer in good condition." It is estimated that this country spends £300,000,000 a year on packaging. It is the largest single item in the rearmament programme, and, on the average, represents one-tenth of the total cost of any product.

In Britain, the importance of packaging was fully realized only in 1943, when it was found that much of the ammunition and spare parts arriving at battle-stations in the steaming jungles of the Far East were unfit for use. In that year, Patra included packaging in its research programme for the first time. Last year, Patra handled 640 separate packaging inquiries, 350 from member firms, the rest from non-members who paid for the service.

£3,000 A Year Saved

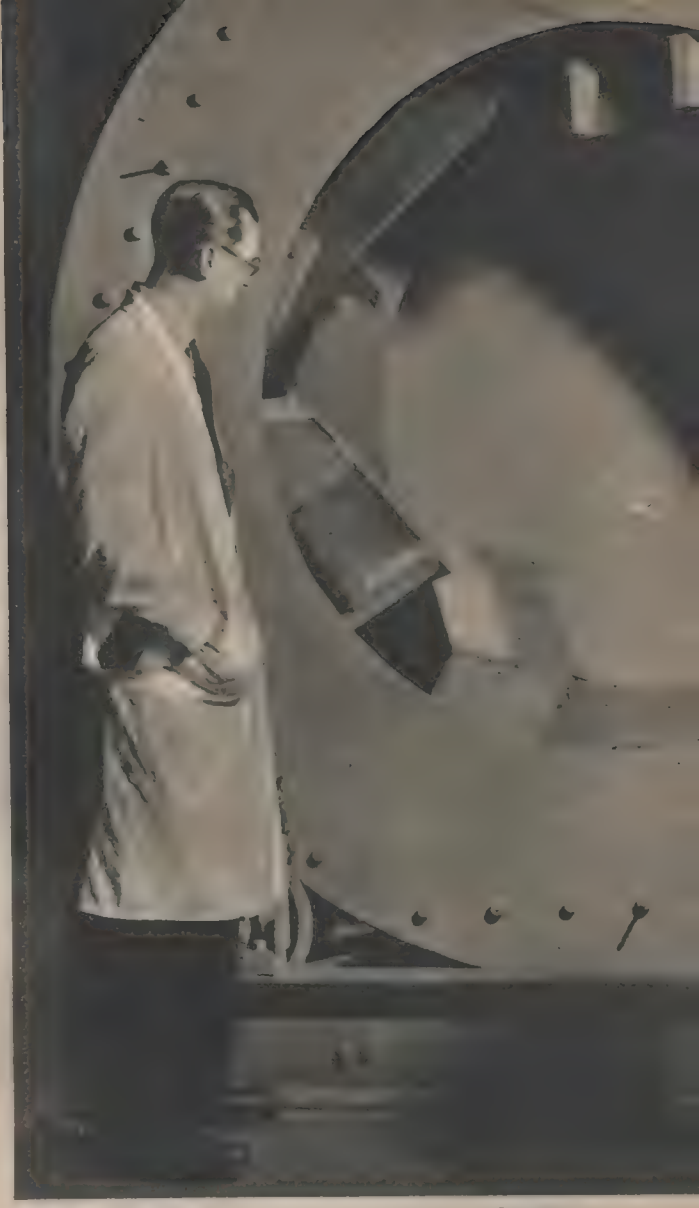
Though more and more manufacturers are seeking Paine's advice before embarking on expensive programmes, he still gets many inquiries from firms whose packs have failed in practice. They want to know what went wrong and how they can put it right.

One manufacturer complained that his refrigerators were arriving badly damaged in various parts of the world. Apart from occasional dents where something sharp had penetrated the crate, most of the refrigerators had their doors dented and warped, the handle bent and the lock not working. Paine persuaded the manufacturer to give him a bright new refrigerator in the pack in which it was exported. The damage suggested that the door had come open during its journey and had been forced shut. But the crate looked sound, and the refrigerator was held in position by a stout wooden bar screwed to the back of the crate. There was no rattle. How could the refrigerator have moved?

"We assumed," says Paine, "that the crate had been pushed over on its face." They tipped forward their sample and then let it crash to the floor. When they examined it, they found the reported damage exactly reproduced. "The wooden bar at the back had broken," says Paine. "Inside the crate, the door of the fridge fell forward faster than the cabinet. When the crate hit the ground, it slammed to again." It was a simple matter to suggest ways of strengthening the crate. This saved the refrigerator firm £3,000 a year.

Another manufacturer complained that up to twenty-five per cent of his glass tumblers were broken on arrival at their destination. Paine found that if he dropped a case on its top or bottom edge from a height of only eighteen inches, three glasses broke. By merely re-arranging the position of the tumblers inside the case he was able to drop it from thirty inches without breakages. A slight modification to the pack itself raised the breakage height to three feet six inches. After putting the new pack into service, the manufacturer reported that his breakages had decreased to five per cent.

One of Paine's jobs was to test a



Paine tests packing cases in a revolving drum fitted with trips to ensure that each case will be dropped on every angle, corner and surface

A cardboard carton passes the compression test. Here the aim is to find out how much can be stacked on top before it will collapse

Did you
MACLEAN
your teeth today?

"Teeth snow white"

I started using Macleans, and for the first time in my life I found a brand of Tooth Paste that not only made my teeth snow white but one that also leaves that pleasant taste in the mouth after using it.

Mrs. M. F. (Chelmsford)

MACLEANS
Peroxide Tooth Paste
makes teeth WHITER
IN THREE SIZES 1'3, 1'8 AND 2'6

What a difference an APPETITE makes!

It's a treat to see her enjoy her food! Full of energy and high spirits—you don't have to tell her twice that dinner's ready . . . Regularity is the secret of her bright eyes and rosy cheeks. For Mother knows that 'California Syrup of Figs' is one of the surest ways to end 'stasis' or sluggish bowels which often makes the youngster lose interest in her food.

To keep her child healthy and carefree, Mother naturally chooses this kindly laxative. Containing extracts of both senna and ripe figs, it is gentle yet sure in action. Its pleasant taste has a special appeal to children.

So if 'stasis' is the cause of your youngster being 'out of sorts', remember that 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon restore regularity. Price 1/6 and 3/-.

'California Syrup of Figs'

ALSO BRANDED 'CALIFIG' FOR SHORT

The words 'California Syrup of Figs' and 'Califig' are registered trade marks.

postal pack for six goggle lenses. It was a folding carton, with a fitting which cushioned the lenses against all sides of the carton. There was a piece of single-faced corrugated paper on the top and bottom. When Paine dropped it from a height of six feet, every lens was smashed. When pieces of corrugated paper were placed between the lenses, there were no breakages from test drops of six and eight feet. To make absolutely sure, Paine dropped his modified carton from thirty feet. The outside was bruised, but every lens remained whole.

Packagers size up each job individually, draw plans based on engineering principles and choose their materials from a vast new range. Workshops are equipped with hot-air compressors, oil guns and electric tackles which swing heavy objects along a production line of rollers as the pack grows from base to final banding.

Insects Used In Tests

In Patra's laboratories, the scientific approach is carried even to the extent of breeding the various insects which are likely to attack packages in foreign countries. To test the resistance of a material, Miss Evans, Patra's entomologist, stretches it tightly across a tray containing the insect's favourite food. On top, she places a funnel through which she drops insects. There they stay, without food, until they eat their way through or die. Reinforcements are brought up for thirty days. If none of them has managed to eat through the material to its food, Miss Evans considers it insect-proof.

Big export packers have detailed information, supplied by local agents all over the world, of the sort of handling a package will get before it reaches its destination. "But there's always the human element," says Paine. "In Malaya, packages may be transferred from ship to lighter and from lighter to dock by native labour. The labourer carries the package on his shoulder, and when he wants to put it down he just shrugs. That means a drop of four or five feet."

If there are no cranes in a port, a pack too heavy to be carried by one man will be turned over and over along the ground. Even with the best modern equipment rough handling is possible. One packager says that New York is one of the worst ports in the world.

Other hazards which frequently threaten a package are stevedores' hooks, which look like pitchforks whose prongs have been turned back; spiked "dogs" used for grappling crates; sharp objects packed loosely alongside in the holds; and "covered storage" which turns out to be a thatchwork of palm-leaves on poles.

Recording The Shocks

To find out just what happens to parcels sent by all kinds of transport, Patra has devised a journey shock recorder, a brass cylinder about four inches long and an inch in diameter. It can be pre-set to show all drops over a "norm" which varies from three inches to three feet, the number of drops being shown on an indicator on the front. Dummy parcels, indistinguishable from real parcels, are made up with shock recorders placed in various positions so that drops on different faces, corners and angles are registered. Paine refuses to say what has been discovered so far—except that labels like "This side up" and "Fragile" do not seem to help much.

It is possible, mechanically, to pack any product in such a way that breakage is absolutely impossible. Usually, however, this would make the cost of the package prohibitive, and the manufacturer has to strike a balance between the value of the article, the strength of the packaging and the shocks it is likely to get in transit. Paine could, for example, make a well-nigh perfect pack for tumblers, but it would cost two shillings more than that used now. "To save three in a gross, it's not worth it."

Since it bends slightly in the pocket, a cardboard carton is not a wholly satisfactory package for cigarettes. A tin box, however, would add almost three-halfpence to the price of twenty. Cereals recently went up a halfpenny a packet because the cost of the paperboard they were packed in went up 300 per cent in nine months.

"Cocooning" is an almost perfect storage pack. The article to be preserved is bound with cellulose tape and sprayed with a plastic which completely shuts out moisture. To mop up the moisture trapped inside and passing through the cocoon, a desiccant is enclosed. But though cocooning is used extensively for heavy armaments in the Services, it is too expensive for most civilian uses.

Perhaps the only time it is worth spending more on the package than the product is in war, when a spare part for a Bren gun, elaborately packed to protect it against every possible contingency, may save a whole platoon.

It is mainly the high cost—and the difficulty of sterilization—that is holding up attempts to substitute polyethyline for glass in the making of milk bottles. Polyethyline is an extremely tough, durable plastic, now used widely in the Services for packaging small components.

A container made from it can be dropped, stamped on and thrown against a wall without being broken. Milk bottles made from polyethyline would last much longer than glass ones.

Powdering Made Easy

Polyethyline is also pliable. One manufacturer—one of the imaginative few who have so far designed packaging not only to convey the product but also to make it easier to use — has adopted it for talcum powder. Mothers, holding their children in the right arm as prescribed by the doctors, have long found it difficult to take the lid from a tin with the left hand and to turn the tin over before powdering the baby. This manufacturer has devised a pliable container which, when squeezed, puffs out the talc through perforations in the top.

Until recently, a hair-cream manufacturer packaged his product in a jar, the bottom of which was inaccessible to the longest finger. Irate men, hurrying to a dinner or dance, had to extract it with a spoon—or, alternatively, they could tip the bottle up and strike it on the base, risking half the contents shooting on to their hands. This manufacturer has now made his jars fatter, and short enough for the stubbiest finger to penetrate.

A few months ago, a group of Nottingham housewives called a meeting to discuss the suitability of household packages, and invited manufacturers to hear their views. Only one sent a representative. He alone heard their complaints of tall, narrow soap powder boxes which always fell over, and sauce bottles which prevented the sauce flowing freely, so that they had to be thumped until the plate was suddenly deluged with a flood of sauce. THE END

PHILIP HARBEN, THE COOKERY SHOWMAN

HIGHEST-PAID of all the cooks in Britain is Philip Harben, star of TV and cookery book author, the man who wanted to be a photographer and found his way to fame through his business going on the rocks. Now he earns a five-figure income by campaigning against what he calls "the conviction among Britons that eating is an evil necessity." Told by Wilfred Greatorex, the remarkable story of the man who has made a fortune by devoting his life to good food will appear in

John Bull next week

THE FAR COUNTRY

Continued from page 10

send her just a little money, Jack," she said at last. "It would have to be nothing or else quite a lot, as if it was a sort of legacy. Enough to be sure that she wouldn't take it badly. Enough to keep her for a couple of years if she's in real trouble."

"Well, we've got a lot," he said. "We'll do whatever you think right."

There was a pause. "I feel we kind of owe it to her," he said presently. "To see her right if she's in any trouble. We haven't done so bad together, you and I. It might never have come to anything if she hadn't backed us up."

"I know. That's what I feel." She stared down at the letter in her hands. "I'm not a bit happy about this, Jack," she said at last. "I don't like the sound of it at all. I'd like to send her five hundred pounds."

JENNIFER MORTON went home for the following weekend. She was twenty-four years old, the daughter of a doctor in Leicester, and she had worked away from home for some years; she had a clerical job with the Ministry of Pensions at their office at Blackheath, a suburb of London. Most of her life was spent in Blackheath, where she had a bed-sitting-room in a boarding-house, but once a month she went home to Leicester to see her parents, travelling up from London early on the Saturday morning, and returning late on Sunday night.

These were duty visits; she was fond enough of her father and her mother, but she had now no interests and few acquaintances in her own home town. The war and marriage had scattered her school friends. She had no particular fondness for the Ministry of Pensions or for her job in Blackheath; she would have stayed at home and worked in Leicester if there had been any useful purpose to be served by doing so. In fact, her mother and her father were remarkably self-sufficient; her mother never wanted to do anything else but to stay at home and run the house and cook her father's dinner. Her father, an overworked general practitioner, never wanted to go out at night unless, in the winter, to a meeting of the British Medical Association or, in the summer, to a meeting of the Bowls Club. This was a good thing, for the night air made her mother cough, and she seldom went out of the house after midday in the winter. As the years went on, her father and her mother settled firmly into a routine of life moulded by overwork and by poor health, a groove that left little room for the wider interests of a daughter.

Jennifer went to Leicester for her weekend once a month, accepted the situation philosophically, and found the interests of her life away from home.

Those interests were not very startling. She had been mildly in love when she was twenty, soon after the war, but he had gone to a job in Montreal and gradually the correspondence languished. When, finally, she heard that he was married, it was just one of those things. She was friendly with a good many men, for she was an attractive girl, with auburn hair that had been bright red as a child, and the grey eyes that go with it, but she had been inoculated and never fell seriously in love. She knew a good deal about the London theatres, and she saw most of the films worth seeing, including the Continental ones; she could speak a little French, and she had spent two summer holidays in France with a couple of girls from her office. Now she was planning a trip to Italy for her next holiday, but that was nine months ahead, for it was October. She had bought three little teach-yourself books and she was learning Italian out of them.

That weekend was like all the others, only more so. Though it was only October, her mother was coughing as if it were January, and her father was more overworked than ever. There was nothing Jennifer could do to help them and no place for her; she left them late on Sunday afternoon and travelled back to London, and so by the electric train

"Daddy, if one of the lions got out and ate you, what bus do I take home?"

from Charing Cross down to her own place at Blackheath. She got back to her room at about ten o'clock, made herself a cup of cocoa, washed a pair of stockings, did an Italian exercise, and went to bed.

She worked all next day, as usual, at her office. She left at five in the evening and walked back through the suburban streets in the October dusk to her boarding-house. Very soon now it would be dark when she came out from work; for two months in the winter she would not walk home in daylight. She was beginning to dread those two months; in mid-winter she got a sense of suffocation, a feeling that she would never see the sun and the fresh air again.

It was raining a little that evening, and she walked back with her blue raincoat buttoned tightly round her neck.

She had intended to go out to the pictures with a friend from the boarding-house after tea, but now she thought that she would stay at home and read a magazine and do her Italian. There wasn't much joy in going to the pictures and then walking home in the rain.

She went up the steps of the shabby old brick house that was her home, spacious with its eight bedrooms, its four reception-rooms, and its range of basement kitchens, and she let herself in at the front door with her latch-key. As she took off her wet coat, her landlady climbed up the stairs from the kitchen.

"There was a telephone call for you about an hour ago," she said. "A personal call. I told them to try again about six thirty."

Jennifer looked up in surprise. "Do you know who it was from?"

The woman shook her head. "They didn't say."

THE call came through punctually at six-thirty. She hurried downstairs to take it. It was her mother, speaking from their home.

"Is that Jenny? How are you, dear?"

"I'm all right, Mother."

"Jenny dear, listen to this. We had a telephone call from the district nurse, at Ealing. She said that Granny's ill. She had a fall in the street, apparently, and they took her to the hospital, but they hadn't got a bed so they took her home and put her to bed there. The nurse said somebody would have to go there to look after her. Jenny, could you go to Ealing and see what's the matter, and then telephone us?"

Jennifer thought quickly. Ealing was on the other side of London; half an hour to Charing Cross if she were lucky with the trains, and then another half-hour down to Ealing, and a ten minutes' walk. She could get something to eat on the way, perhaps. "I can do that, Mummy," she said. "I've got nothing fixed up for tonight. I could be there by about half-past eight."

"Oh, my dear, I *am* so sorry. I think you'll have to go. She oughtn't to be living alone, of course, but she won't leave the house. We'll have to fix up something better for her, after this. You'll be able to get back to Blackheath tonight, will you?"

The girl hesitated. "I think so, Mummy. If I leave by about half-past nine I should be able to get back here. It sounds as if somebody ought to stay the night with her, though, doesn't it?"

There was a worried silence. "I don't know what to say," her mother said at last. "You've got to be at work tomorrow. Oh, dear."

"Has Daddy heard about this yet?" she asked.

"He's still out on his rounds. I couldn't get hold of him."

"Don't worry, Mummy," said the girl. "I'll go over there, and give you a ring when I've seen the nurse. We'll fix up something between us."

"What time will you be telephoning, dear?"

"It may be very late, if I've got to hurry to catch trains," the girl said. Her grandmother was not on the telephone. "I might have to leave it until the morning."

She did not wait for supper, but started for the station straight away.

In Ealing it was raining in earnest, great driving gusts of rain blown by a high wind down the deserted, shimmering black streets. Her stockings and her shoes were soaked before she had been walking for three minutes.

Her grandmother lived in a four-bedroomed house built in the somewhat spacious style of fifty years ago, a house with a large garden and no garage. Her husband had bought it when they had retired from Burma in 1924; he had bought it prudently because he had an idea even then that he would not survive his wife, and so he had avoided an extravagant establishment. In fact, he had died in 1930, comfortable in the knowledge that her widow's pension, her small private income, and the house in perpetuity would render her secure until she came to join him.

There she had lived, surrounded by the treasures they had gathered up together in a life spent in the East. A gilded Buddha sat at the hall door, a pair of elephant tusks formed a hanger for a great brass dinner gong. There were embossed silver and brass Burmese trays and bowls all over the place; on the walls were water-colour paintings of strange landscapes with misty forests of a bluish tinge unknown to Jennifer, with strange coloured buildings called pagodas and strange people in strange clothes. Ethel Trehearn lived on surrounded by these reminders of a more colourful world, more real to her than the world outside her door. Nothing was very interesting to her that had happened since she got on to the ship at Rangoon Strand, twenty-six years before.

Jennifer came to the house in the wet, windy night; it was in total darkness, which seemed most unusual. She pushed open the gate and went up the path through the little front garden, and now she saw a faint glimmer of light through the coloured glass panels let into the front door in a Gothic style. She stood in the porch in her wet shoes and raincoat, and pressed the bell.

She heard nothing but the tinkling of water running from a stackpipe near her feet.

She waited for a minute, and then pressed the bell again. Apparently it wasn't working. She rapped with the knocker and waited for a couple of minutes for something to happen; then she tried the handle of the door. It was open, and she went into the hall.

A candle burned on the hall table, held in a brass candlestick from Benares. Jennifer went forward and pressed the electric switch for the hall light, but no light came. She thought of a power cut, unusual at night, and stood in wonder for a moment. In any case, there was no electricity, and it was no good worrying about the cause.

She stood in the hall, listening to the house. It was dead silent, but for the tinkling of the rain. She raised her head and called: "Granny! It's me—Jennifer. Are you upstairs?"

There was no answer.

She did not like the empty sound of the house; it was full of menace for her. She did not like the lack of light, or the long, moving shadows that the candle cast. She was a level-headed young woman, however, and she took off her coat and laid it on a chair, and picked up the candle, and went into the drawing-room.

There was nothing unusual about that room; it was clean and tidy, though stone cold. She would have expected on a night like that to see a fire burning in the grate, but the fire was not laid; apparently her grandmother had not used the room that day. Jennifer went quickly through the dining-room and kitchen; everything was quite in order there. A tin of Benger's Food and a half-empty bottle of milk stood on the kitchen table.

She turned, and went upstairs to the bedrooms. The door of her grandmother's room was shut; she stood outside with the flickering candle in her hand and knocked. She said again: "Granny, it's me—Jennifer. Can I come in?" There was no answer, so she turned the handle and went into the room.

ETHEL TREHEARN lay on her back in the bed, and at the first glance Jennifer thought that she was dead, and her heart leaped up into her throat, because she had never seen a dead person. She forced herself to look more closely, and then she saw that the old lady was breathing evenly, very deeply asleep. With the relief, Jennifer staggered a little, and her eyes lost focus for an instant and she felt a little sick; then she recovered herself, and looked around the room.

Everything there seemed to be in order, though her grandmother's day clothes were thrown rather haphazardly into a chair. The old lady was evidently quite all right; if she had had a fall a sleep would do her good. It looked as if somebody had been in the house looking after her, possibly the district nurse who had telephoned to Jennifer's mother. It seemed unwise to wake the old lady up, and presently Jennifer tiptoed from the room, leaving the door ajar in order that she might hear any movement.

The time was then about nine o'clock, and she had eaten nothing since lunch except a cup of tea and a biscuit at the office. She had a young and healthy appetite, and she had the sense to realize that her momentary faintness in the bedroom had a good

deal to do with the fact that she was very, very hungry. She went down to the kitchen, candle in hand, to get herself a meal.

In a few minutes she had made the extraordinary discovery that there was no food in the house at all. The half bottle of milk and the tin of Benger's Food upon the kitchen table seemed to be the only edibles, except for a few condiments in a cupboard. The larder—her grandmother had no refrigerator—was empty but for a small, hard rind of cheese upon a plate and three cartons of dried fruits, candied peel and sultanas and glacé cherries, open and evidently in use. There was a flour-bin, but it was empty, a breadbin that held only crumbs. There were no tinned foods at all, and no vegetables.

Jennifer stood in the middle of the kitchen deeply puzzled, wondering what her grandmother had been eating recently, and where she had been eating it. Had she been having her meals out, or was there something blacker waiting here to be uncovered? She had been down to visit the old lady one Sunday about a month before and her grandmother had given her a very good lunch and tea, a roast duck and apple sauce with roast potatoes and cauliflower, and a mince pie to follow; for tea there had been buttered scones and jam, and a big home-made cake with plenty of fruit in it. She thought of this as she stood there in the kitchen in the flickering candlelight.

One thing at least was evident: that she would have to spend the night in the house. She could not possibly go back to Blackheath and leave things as they were. Whoever had lit the candle and left the door open had done it in the expectation that some relation would arrive, and the unknown person would probably come back that night, because her grandmother was clearly incapable of looking after herself.

She went to have a look at the guest bedroom. It was empty. Pictures still hung upon the wall, but there was no furniture in the room at all, and no carpet on the bare boards of the floor. Unfaded patches on the wallpaper showed where bed and chest of drawers and washstand had stood.

This was amazing, because Jennifer had slept in that room less than a year before; it had been prim and neat and old-fashioned and very comfortable. What on earth had the old lady done with all the furniture?

The girl went quickly to the other two bedrooms and found them in a similar condition, empty but for the pictures on the wall. There was no bed in the house except the one that her grandmother occupied; if Jennifer were to sleep there that night, she would have to sleep on the sofa in the drawing-room.

THE shadows began to close in upon Jennifer as she stood in the empty bedroom with the flickering candle in her hand. It seemed incredible, but the old lady must have sold her furniture. And there was no food in the house. The darkness crept around her; could it be that Granny had no money? But she had a pension, Jennifer knew that, and she had always been well off. More likely that she was going a bit mental with old age, and that she had deluded herself into the belief that she was poor.

She went downstairs and found a piece of writing paper in her grandmother's desk, and wrote a note to leave on the hall table with the candle; then she put on her raincoat and went out to get a meal. She found a café open in the main street and had a quick meal. She also bought a couple of rolls filled with a thin smear of potted meat for her breakfast, and went back to the house in Ladysmith Avenue.

In the house everything was as she had left it; her note lay beneath the candle unread. She took the candle and went up to her grandmother's room, but the old lady was still sleeping deeply; she had not moved at all. The girl came out of the bedroom, and as she did so she heard movement in the hall, and saw the light from an electric torch. She came downstairs with the candle, and in its light she saw a middle aged woman standing there in a wet raincoat, torch in hand.

The woman said: "Are you one of Mrs. Trehearn's relations?"

Jennifer said: "I'm her granddaughter."

"Oh. Well, I'm the district nurse. You know she had an accident?"

"I don't know very much, except that my mother got a telephone call asking somebody to come here. She rang me."

The nurse nodded. "She had a fall in the street this morning, just the other side of the bridge, between here and the Broadway. She didn't seem able to get up, so the police got an ambulance and took her to the hospital. Well, they hadn't got a bed and anyway, there didn't seem to be much wrong with her, except debility, you know. So as she was conscious and not injured by her fall they rang me up and sent her home here in the ambulance. I put her to bed and got in Dr. Thompson. He saw her about five o'clock."

"What did he say?"

The nurse glanced at her. "When did you see her last?"

"About a month ago."

"How was she then?"

"Very much as usual. She doesn't do much, but she's seventy-nine, I think."

"Was she eating normally?"

"She gave me a very good meal—roast duck and mince pie."

"She ate that, did she?"

"Of course. Why?"

"She doesn't look as if she's eaten anything since," the nurse said shortly. "She's very emaciated, and there's not a scrap of food here in the house except some dried fruits. She vomited at the hospital, and what came up was raisins and sultanas. She couldn't be expected to digest those, not at her age."

Jennifer said: "I simply can't understand it. She's got plenty of money."

The nurse glanced at her. "You're sure of that?"

"Well—I think so."

"I rang up the electricity," the nurse said, "and told them that the power had failed and they must send a man to put it right because I'd got a patient in the house. They said they'd disconnected the supply because the bill hadn't been paid. You'd better see about that in the morning if you're going to keep her here."

"I'll go round there first thing."

"I had to go and get a candle of my own," the nurse said. "I brought another one round with me now." She took it from her pocket. "I looked for coal to light a fire, but there's not a scrap. I got a tin of Benger's Food and some milk, and I got the people next door to let me boil up some hot milk for her, and fill the hot-water bottles. I'll take them round there and fill them again before I go." She glanced at Jennifer. "You're staying here tonight?"

"I wasn't going to, but I'd better. Will you be here?"

The nurse laughed shortly. "Me? I've got a baby case tonight, but she's got an hour or two to go so I slipped round here to see if anyone had come. I'll have to get some sleep after that, but I'll look round about midday to see how you're getting on. I said I'd give the doctor a ring after that."

Jennifer nodded. "I'll see you then. Is she in any danger, do you think?"

"I don't think she'll go tonight," the nurse said. "Whether she'll pull round or not depends a lot on her digestion. I couldn't say. When she wakes, give her another cup of the Benger's. She can have as much of that as she'll take, but don't let her have anything else till the doctor's seen her. And keep the bottles nice and warm—not hot enough to scorch, you know, just nice and warm."

Practical, hard-headed and efficient, she whisked through her duties, showing Jennifer what to do, and was out of the house in a quarter of an hour. The girl was left alone with all the Indian and Burmese relics, with one candle and no fire and nowhere much to sleep.

She gave up the idea of going out in the rain at ten o'clock at night to find a public telephone to ring up her mother; that would have to wait till morning. She went up to her grandmother's bedroom and took off her wet shoes and stockings and rubbed her feet with a towel; then she found a pair of her grandmother's woollen stockings and put them on, and her grandmother's bedroom slippers, and her grandmother's overcoat. She found a travelling rug and wrapped it around her and settled down to spend the night in an armchair by her grandmother's bedside, chilled and uncomfortable, dozing off now and then and waking again with the cold.

IN the grey dawn she woke from one of these uneasy dozes, stiff and chilled to the bone. She looked at the bed and saw that her grandmother was awake; she was lying in exactly the same position, but her eyes were open. Jennifer got up and went to the bedside. The old lady turned her head upon the pillow and said in a thin voice: "Jenny, my dear. Whatever are you doing here?"

The girl said: "I've come to look after you, Granny. They telephoned and told us that you weren't so well."

"I know, my dear. I fell down in the street—such a stupid thing to do. Is the nurse here still?"

"She'll be back later on this morning, Granny. Is there anything you want?"

She told her, and Jennifer entered on the duties of a sickroom for the first time in her life. Some time later she took the hot-water bottles and the remains of the milk and went to the house next door, to heat up the milk and refill the bottles. Then she returned to the house, and propped her grandmother up in bed with the pillows and helped her while she drank.

The hot drink stimulated the old lady a little. "Jenny," she said, "I've been thinking. Haven't you got to go to work?"

The girl said: "That's all right, Granny. I'm going out presently to ring up Mummy to tell her how you are, and I'll ring up the office then. I'll stay with you for a few days until you're better."

"Oh, my dear, that isn't necessary at all."

"I'd like to, Granny. It'll be a bit of a holiday for me."

"But Jenny, dear, you *can't* stay here. There isn't anywhere for you to sleep. Where did you sleep last night?"

"I'll be all right here, Granny," the girl said. "I'll fix up something in the course of the day."

"But there isn't any electricity. You *can't* stay here." A facile, senile tear escaped and trickled down the old, lined cheek. "Oh, things *are* so troublesome."

"That's all right, Granny," the girl said. "I'll go and see about the electricity this morning, and get them to turn it on."

"But it's seventeen pounds, Jenny—they came and turned it off. Such a nice man, but he had to do his job. I've been getting on quite well without it."

"Well, you're not going to get along without it any longer, Granny," Jennifer said firmly. "You can't when you're in bed." She thought quickly; she had about thirty pounds in her bank, but her cheque-book was at Blackheath on the other side of London. "I'll get them to turn it on again," she said. "Don't worry about it."

"Oh, my dear, I don't know what to do. . . ."

JENNIFER wiped the old cheeks gently with her handkerchief. "Cheer up, Granny," she said. "It'll be all right. Tell me—isn't there any money?"

The old lady said: "None at all. You see, I've lived too long."

"Don't you believe it," Jennifer said. "You've got a good many more years yet. But what about the pension? That goes on until you die, doesn't it?"

"That's what Geoffrey thought, and so did I. But it was an Indian pension, dear, a private fund that we civil servants in India all paid into. They had to halve the pensions a few years ago, and then last year they stopped it altogether and wound up the fund."

The girl said: "Oh, Granny! And you gave me such a lovely dinner when I came here last!"

"Of course, my dear. A young girl like you must have proper meals. Although it's all so difficult, with all this rationing. Jenny, have you had your breakfast yet?"

"Not yet. I'm going out in a few minutes, and I'll get some then."

"I'm afraid there's nothing in the house, Jenny. I *am* so sorry."

"Don't think about it, Granny. I'll get a few things when I'm out and bring them in."

"Yes, do that, dear." She paused. "Will you bring me the little red morocco case that's on the dressing-table?"

The girl brought the jewel case over to the bed and gave it to her grandmother, who opened it with fingers that trembled so that they could hardly serve their function. She rummaged in the purse and finally produced a gold ring set with five diamonds in a row, unfashionable in these days.

She gave this to Jennifer. "I want you to do a little job for me when you are out, Jenny," she said. "In the New Broadway, two doors on the other side of Paul's pâtisserie shop, you'll find a jeweller's shop called Evans. Go in and ask to see Mr. Evans himself——"

"You mustn't sell your ring," the girl said gently. "Look, I've got plenty of money to carry on with—I've got over thirty pounds in the bank. I'll use some of that, and I'll be telephoning Mummy this morning."

Her grandmother shook her head. "Sell the ring, my dear, I can't get it

TAKE MY TIP

AIRING small garments in small flats can be a problem. It can be solved with the help of an old umbrella.

Take all the material off the frame, and paint the spokes. Then hang it from a hook in the ceiling, and drape the clothes over the spokes. When not in use, it goes back in the umbrella stand.—Mrs. D. K. Gigg, Chudleigh, Devon.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to* TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

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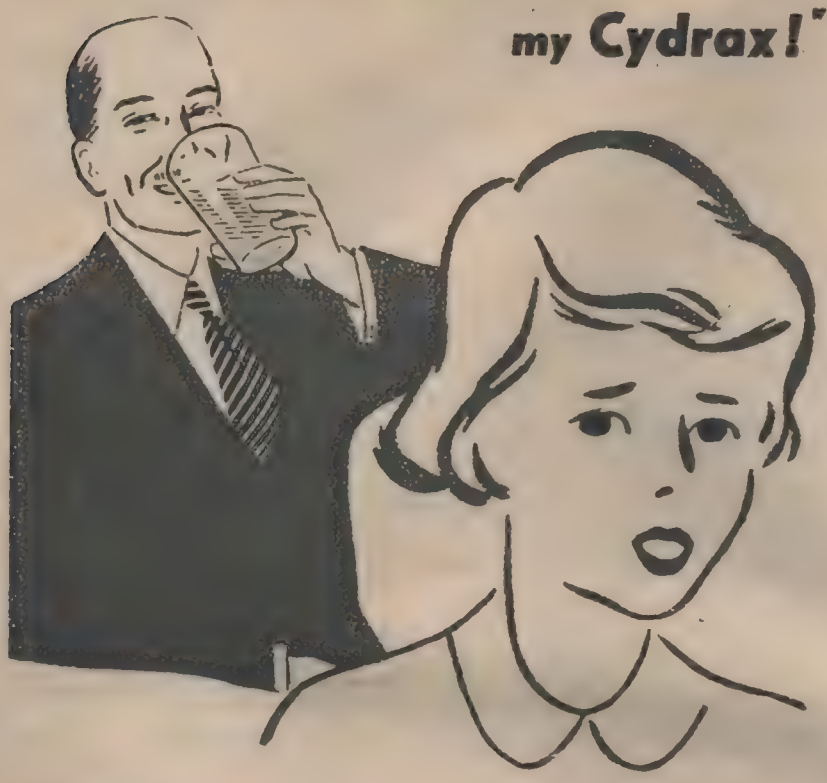

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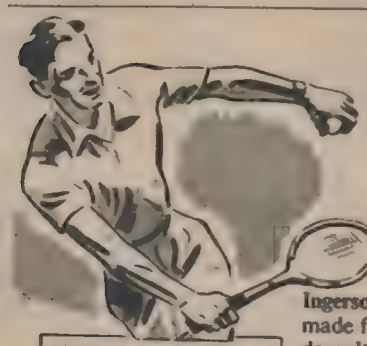

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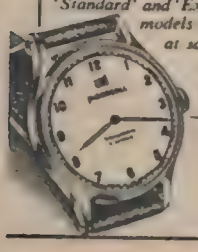

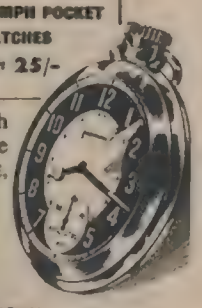

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on my finger now, I'm so rheumatic, and I shan't want it any more."

"What is it, Granny?" the girl asked, turning it over in her fingers. "Who gave it to you?"

"Geoffrey," the old lady said. "Geoffrey gave it to me, when we became engaged. We went to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths in Regent Street together to buy it . . . such a fine, sunny day. And then we went and had lunch at Gatti's; it felt so funny on the fork, because I wasn't used to wearing rings. And then we took a hansom for the afternoon and drove down to Roehampton to see the polo, because Geoffrey's friend Captain Oliver was playing. But I didn't see much of the polo, because I was looking at my new ring, and at Geoffrey. So silly. . . ." The old voice faded off into silence.

"I can't sell that," the girl said gently. "I'm not going to sell your engagement ring."

"My dear, there's nothing else."

"Yes, there is," the girl said. "I've got thirty pounds. I'm going to spend that first. If you don't like it, you can leave me that ring in your will." She put the ring back into the jewel box. "Leave it there for now," she said. "I promise you I'll come and tell you if we have to sell it. But we shan't have to; we've got plenty of money between us."

She made her grandmother comfortable and promised her that she would be back in an hour and a half; then she went out with a shopping basket. She had breakfast in a café and then found a call-box and rang up her parents; she was early, and the hundred-mile call came through at once. She told her father what had happened.

"Don't worry, Jenny," he told her. "I'll send you a telegraph money order at once for ten pounds. You should get that this afternoon. Either your mother or I will come down tomorrow and be with you some time tomorrow afternoon, and we'll see what's to be done then. It's a bit of a shock, this."

"Don't let Mummy worry over it too much," the girl said. "I think she's probably going to be all right. I'm going now to see if I can talk them into turning on the electricity again. It'll make a lot of difference if we can get a radiator going in her room."

She went to the electricity office, and managed to persuade the manager to have the supply reconnected on strict condition that the cheque would be paid by the following day. Then, after doing a little shopping, she returned to the house.

THE old lady lay in bed exactly as Jennifer had left her; her eyes were shut, and though she was breathing steadily it seemed to the girl that the respiration was now fainter than it had been when she had been lying in the same way on the previous night. Jennifer spoke to her, but she did not answer; however, when she reached into the bed to get the hot-water bottles, the old lady opened her eyes.

"Just getting your hot-water bottles, Granny," the girl said. "I'll make you another cup of Benger's, too. I brought you *The Times*. I'll be back in about five minutes."

When she got back, the old lady was reading the front page of *The Times*. Jennifer packed the hot-water bottles around her and got her to take the best part of the cup of the milk drink, and to eat about half of one biscuit. While she was coaxing her to eat the rest, there was a knock at the front door; she went downstairs, and it was the postman with a heavy parcel.

She took it from him, and carried it up to show to her grandmother, with an instinct that anything that would stimulate and arouse her interest was good. "Look what the post's brought," she said. "Myers' Emporium. What have you been buying?"

The old lady said: "Oh, that's dear Jane. How sweet of her. It's a parcel from Australia, Jenny. She sends one every month."

"Shall I open it?"

"Please. I must write and thank her." The parcel contained six cartons of dried fruit and a tin of lard; Jennifer now knew where the cartons she had seen in the larder came from. She asked: "Granny, who is Aunt Jane? She isn't mother's sister, is she?"

"No, my dear. Your mother never had a sister. She's my niece, my brother Tom's daughter."

"She's the one who quarrelled with the family because she married an Australian?"

"Yes, dear. Tom and Margaret were very much upset, but it's turned out very well. I liked him, but Tom found him drinking white port with Jeffries, the butler, in the middle of the morning, and he used to swear dreadfully, and never saluted anybody. So different to our army."

Jennifer smiled. "What was Aunt Jane like?"

"Such a sweet girl—but very stubborn. Once she decided to do a thing there was no arguing with her; she had to see it through. I sometimes think that you're a little like her, Jenny."

Time was slipping by; if she were to get money from the bank that day she could not linger.

"I'm going over to Blackheath now," she said. "I'll get a few things for the night, and I'll get some money and some bits of things we need. I'll be back about tea-time. Will you be all right, do you think?"

"I'll be quite all right, my dear. Don't hurry; I shall get a little sleep, I expect."

JENNIFER went downstairs and left a note on the hall table for the nurse, and travelled across London to her rooms at Blackheath. She got there about midday, packed a bag, went to the bank, and rang up her office to say that she would have to take the rest of the week off to look after her grandmother. Then she snatched a quick meal in a café, and travelled back to Ealing.

She was lucky in that when she reached the house the doctor and the nurse were both there, with her grandmother. She waited in the hall till they came down from the bedroom. A few letters had arrived, two that seemed to be bills and one air-mailed from Australia. That would be Jane Dorman, Jennifer thought, who had married the Australian who drank port with the butler and never saluted anybody, and who still sent parcels of dried fruit to her aunt after thirty years. They must have been very close at one time for affection to have endured so long.

She looked round for the candle, but she could not find it; perhaps the doctor and the nurse had it upstairs with them. She stood in the dusk of the hall, waiting, and then, wondering if the electricity manager had acted yet, she tried the switch. The light came on. At the same moment, the

"This room gets the sun—so of course that's an extra"

nurse and the doctor came out of the bedroom.

Jennifer went forward to meet them at the foot of the stairs.

"This is Dr. Thompson," the nurse said.

He was a fairly young man, not more than about thirty; he looked tired and overworked. He said: "You're Miss Morton? Let's go into one of these rooms."

They went into the drawing-room; it was as cold as a tomb, but anyway the light was on. Surrounded by the Burmese relics, the girl asked: "How is she, Doctor?"

The young man glanced at her, summing her up. "She's very ill," he said. "Very ill indeed. You know what's the matter with her, of course?"

Jennifer said: "She's got no money."

"Yes. Malnutrition. Starvation, if you like."

"Could we get her into a hospital?"

He shook his head. "I don't think there's a chance. I don't think any hospital would take her. You see, the beds are all needed for urgent cases; she might be bedridden for years if she gets over the immediate trouble."

There was a pause. Jennifer said, at last: "Do you think she'll die?"

"I hope not. Would you be very frightened if she did die, and you were alone with her?"

"I've never seen anybody die," the girl said evenly. "I hope that I'd be able to do what was best for her."

"You'll be all right. . . ." He bit his lip. "I don't think she'll die tonight," he said. "She's definitely weaker than when I saw her yesterday, I'm afraid. . . . Nurse here has to get some sleep tonight. I tell you what I'll do. I'll look in again myself about eleven, just before I go to bed. In the meantime, this is what she's got to have."

He gave her her instructions, and went off with the nurse; Jennifer went up to her grandmother's bedroom. After making sure that she was comfortable, she went out quickly to get to the shops before they shut. She bought the things that the doctor had told her to buy and a little food for her own supper.

WHEN she returned, there was a telegram waiting from her father saying that he was coming down next day without her mother, who was not so well. There was also the money order for ten pounds. She put that in her bag and glanced at the two bills, one for groceries and one for milk, each with a politely worded note at the bottom that was a threat of action. No good worrying her grandmother with those. She took off her coat and hat, and went upstairs with the letter that had arrived earlier from Australia in her hand.

In the bedroom the old lady was still lying in much the same position. She was awake and she knew Jennifer, but she was breathing now in an irregular manner, with three or four deep breaths and then a pause. There was nothing that Jennifer could do about it; the only thing was to carry on and do what the doctor had told her. It was time for another drink of warm milk, this time with brandy in it.

She gave the air-mail letter to her grandmother. "There's an air-mail letter for you," she said brightly. "Like me to get your glasses?"

"Please, dear. Did you see where it was from?"

"It's from Australia."

The old lady took the spectacle case with trembling hands, fumbled a little and put the glasses on, and looked at the letter. "Yes, that's from dear Jane. So sweet of her to keep on writing, and sending me such lovely parcels. We must make a cake, Jenny. Such lovely things. . . ."

Jennifer went downstairs and warmed the milk up in a saucepan on the stove and made herself a cup of tea at the same time; she mixed the Benger's Food and added the brandy, and carried both cups up to the bedroom. She found her grandmother staring bewildered at a slip of paper in her hand, the envelope and the letter lying on the counterpane that covered her.

"Jenny," she said weakly. "Jenny, come here a minute. What is this?"

The girl took it from her. It was a Commonwealth Bank of Australia cheque for £500. She told her grandmother, with some awe.

The old lady said: "It's from Jane. Oh, my dear—we'll have to send it back. Such a sweet child, but she can't possibly afford it."

"If she's sent it to you, perhaps she *can* afford it," the girl said.

"Oh, my dear, she's only a farmer's wife, living in quite a poor way, I'm afraid, and with all those children. Wherever would she get five hundred pounds?"

Jennifer said: "May I see her letter, Granny?"

It was written in the round schoolgirl hand that Jane Dorman had never lost. The first four pages dealt with news of the older children, news of Angela at Melbourne University, news of Jack's rheumatism, and news of the spring weather. It went on:

Jack and I have been a little worried by the part of your letter where you said you hadn't bought a new vest, and we have been wondering if rising prices are making things difficult for you. Out here everything is going up in price, too, but we station people are all making so much money that we hardly notice it. Jack's wool cheque this year was for £22,000, and though most of that will go in tax of course it means that we shall still have left about £7,000 for ourselves.

Aunt Ethel, I'm sending with this letter a little bank draft for £500, with our dear love. It doesn't mean anything to us now, because we have more than we can ever spend. If you don't need it, will you give it to some charity in England for us? But we've been really worried about you since reading that letter about your vest, and Jack and I owe so much to you for all you did to help us thirty years ago. So if this will make things easier for you, will you take it with our very dearest love?

Your affectionate niece,

JANE.

The girl laid the letter down. "It's all right, Granny," she said a little unsteadily. "She's got all the money in the world. They're making £22,000 a year—at least, I think that's what she means."

"Nonsense, my dear," the old lady said weakly. "She's only a farmer's wife. Stations, they call them in Australia, but it's only a big farm and not very good land, I'm told. She's made some mistake."

The girl wrinkled her brows, and glanced at the letter again. "I don't think it's a mistake—honestly. It's what she says, and I was reading something about this in the paper the other day." She laid the letter down. "Look, drink your milk before it gets cold."

Jennifer removed the letter and the envelope to a table at the bedside and put the bankers' draft upon the dressing-table, carefully weighted with an embossed Indian silver hand-mirror. Then she went downstairs to get her own supper.

AFTER she had eaten her meal, she went up once or twice to look into the bedroom, but she did not speak; better to let her grandmother rest quietly till it was time for her next cup of milk food and brandy. She took that up after a lapse of two hours, and spoke to the old lady. "I've made you some more Benger's, Granny," she said quietly. "Are you awake?"

The old eyes opened. "I'm awake, Jenny. I've been thinking about so many things."

The girl sat down beside her and raised her in the bed with an arm round the old shoulders, and held the cup for her to drink. "What have you been thinking about?" she asked.

Her grandmother said: "About when I was a girl, my dear, and how different things were then."

Jennifer asked: "How were they different, Granny? Drink it up."

She took a little sip. "It was all so much easier, dear. My father, your great-grandfather, was in the Foreign Office, but he retired early, when I was about fifteen. Before that we lived in a big house on Putney Hill, near where Swinburne lived, but when he retired, in about 1886, we moved down into the country. My father bought Steep Manor, near Petersfield, with about thirty acres of land. I don't think his pension and my mother's investments together amounted to more than £1,000 a year, but they seemed to be able to do such a lot with it, such a great, great deal."

"Drink a little more," the girl suggested. "What sort of things did you do?"

"Everything that gentlefolk did do in those days, dear. My father kept three maid-servants in the house—everybody did then. And there was a gardener, and a gardener's boy who helped in the stables, and a groom. That was before the days of motor cars, of course. My mother had her carriage with a pair of matched greys, such a pretty pair. My father and Tom and I all had our hacks, or hunters as we liked to call them, because we followed the hunt every week all through the winter."

SHE sat in silence for a time; the girl held her, motionless. To keep her interested, she asked, at length: "Wasn't it dull, just living in the country?"

"Oh, my dear, it wasn't dull. There was always such a lot to do, with the servants and the gardens and the greenhouses and the horses. We kept pigs and we used to cure all our own hams and bacon. And then we used to give a dance every year and all our friends did the same, and the hunt ball, and people coming to stay. And then there were all the people in the village to look after; everybody knew everybody else, and everybody helped each other. There was never a minute to spare, and never a dull moment."

She took a sip of the milk that Jennifer pressed on her. "We always had a week in London, every year," she said. "We used to stay at Brown's Hotel in Dover Street, generally in May or June. It was theatres and dances every night. I was presented at Court in 1892, to the Prince of Wales, and the old Queen came in for a moment and we all curtsied to her, all together. The lights, and all the men in their scarlet and blue dress uniforms, and the women in Court dress, with trains. I don't think I ever saw anything so splendid, except perhaps at the Durbar in 1911." She paused. "You haven't been presented, have you, Jenny?"

The girl said: "No, Granny. I don't think it happens so much now." She tried to get her to drink a little more, but the old lady refused it.

"Garden parties all through the summer," she murmured, "with tea out on the lawn under the cedar tree. There was tennis on the lawn for those who felt like it, but archery was what everybody went in for. Such a pretty sport upon a sunny afternoon, dear, with the sun and the scent of mignonette, between the cedar and the monkey puzzle tree. . . ."

The old eyes closed; it was no good trying to get her to take any more of the Benger's Food. The girl withdrew the cup and put it on the side table, and gently relaxed her arm to lay the old head down upon the pillow. Her grandmother seemed to sleep where she was put; the girl stood for a moment looking down at her as she lay with eyes closed. It didn't look so good, but there was nothing more that she could do for the time being, except to change the hot-water bottles.

When she had done that, she went downstairs again. The doctor came at about eleven o'clock as he had promised; Jennifer was making another cup of the milk drink when he arrived, and she came out of the kitchen to meet him in the hall.

"Good evening," he said. "How is she now?"

"Much the same," the girl replied. "If anything, I think she's a bit weaker."

"Has she taken anything?"

"She takes about half a cup each time. I can't get her to take more than that."

"I'll just go up and see her. You'd better come up, too."

She was with him in the bedroom while he made his examination; the old

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THIS thirteen-year-old Etonian's childhood was dominated by an eccentric parent. His brother, Timothy, has written this about their father:

"Children and dogs, who were generally associated in his mind, upset him with their idiosyncracies, their barking and whistling and merriment. . . .

"He could not endure, for long, even the presence of his own children. He had not the patience to suffer their moods and tears. He was incapable of placing his intellect on a level with theirs. . . . Their language and habit of thought were almost as incomprehensible to him as his were to them, and when they got on his nerves, he terrified them.

"'Look where you are going, dear boy!' he would say. 'Don't walk into every mess you can find. . . . I believe if I were to put you in the park, you couldn't find your way home! Petticoat rule has been the ruination of you. It would ruin the damned. Are you capable of doing *anything* for yourself? I suppose the governess still gives you your bath?'

"All this, generally before strangers, was galling to a boy of fifteen. But there was entertainment as well. 'Do you know what the female of a dog is called, dear boy? Well, that is what Mrs. So-and-so is!'"

The third son of this eccentric father played football and cricket and became a good oarsman, but otherwise attracted no attention at Eton.

Then, in 1916, at the age of nineteen, he became the youngest adjutant in the British Army. On the Somme he fought in the line opposite Corporal Adolf Hitler.

Back at Oxford, he was called "one of the quiet ones." He did not join the Union, the centre of political activity.

Yet today he is a leading politician. For his name, turn to page 31.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS, indoors and out, there's no surer safeguard than Lifeguard. If you've a family, you must have Lifeguard. If you have illness in the house, you need this extra protection. Lifeguard is so pleasant to use. You'll love its clean, refreshing smell. You'll enjoy the healthy tang of a Lifeguard bath. Always use this powerful modern germicide and disinfectant. It's so fresh, so gentle, yet so efficient.

Safeguard your home the safe way

LIFEGUARD

THE SUPREME DISINFECTANT

lady knew him, but said very little. He made it short, bade her good night cheerfully, and went downstairs again with Jennifer. In the drawing-room, he said: "I'm very sorry that there isn't a nurse with you."

She looked at him. "You mean, she's going?"

"She's not making any progress," he replied. "She's weaker every time I see her. I'm afraid there's only one end to that, Miss Morton."

"Do you think she'll die tonight?"

"I can't say. She might, quite easily. Or she might rally and go on for days or even weeks. But her heart's getting very bad. I'm afraid you'll have to be prepared for it to happen any time." He thought for a moment. "Would you like me to see if I can get a nurse for her tomorrow?"

"My father will be here tomorrow," she said. "He's a doctor. He'll be here about midday. Could we talk it over with you then? I should think a nurse would be a good thing."

He nodded. "I'll see if I can get one for tomorrow night. You'll need some relief by then."

Jennifer went with him to the front door and said good night. Returning to the kitchen, she warmed up the milk again, poured it into the cup and added the brandy, and took it up to her grandmother.

"How are you feeling now, Granny?" she asked.

The old lady did not answer, but her eyes were open and she was awake. Jennifer sat down on the bedside and lifted her with an arm around her shoulders, and held the cup to her lips. She drank a little, and the brandy may have strengthened her, because presently she said in a thin voice: "Jenny, I'm going to die."

The girl said: "So am I, Granny, but not just yet. Nor are you. Drink a drop more of this."

"Have you ever seen anybody die, Jenny?"

The girl shook her head.

"I wish there was somebody here with you."

The girl held the cup to the lips. It was stupid to feel frightened, and she must not show it. "Try a little more. It's good for you."

Too weak to argue, the old lady took a tiny sip or two. Then she said: "Jenny." There was a long pause while she gathered strength, and then she said: "My cheque-book. In the small left-hand drawer of the bureau. And my pen."

"Do you want to write a cheque, Granny?" The old eyes signified assent. "Leave it till the morning. Drink a little more of this, and then get some sleep."

The old lady pushed the cup aside. "No. Now."

The girl put the cup down and went downstairs. She knew that the doctor had been right and that her grandmother would die that night. She was not frightened now; her duty was to ease the passing of the old lady and do what she wanted in the last few hours. She was calm and competent and thoughtful as she brought the pen and cheque-book and a blotting-pad to the bedside.

"Are these what you want, Granny?"

The old lady nodded slightly, and the girl put them on the sheet before her, and arranged the pillows, and lifted the old body into a sitting position. She gave her another drink of the hot milk and brandy. Presently, the old lady said: "Bring that Australian cheque."

Jennifer did so, and also handed her grandmother her spectacles. The old lady put them on, and then she said distinctly: "Such a funny sort of cheque. I never saw one like it." And then she endorsed it on the back with a hand that trembled, with a signature that was barely legible.

Jennifer held the cup up to her lips, and she drank a little more. Then, with a sudden spurt of energy, she took the cheque-book and wrote quite a legible cheque for £400, payable to Jennifer Morton.

The girl, looking on as she wrote said: "Granny, you mustn't do that. I don't want it, and you'll need the money when you get well."

The old lady whispered: "I want you to do something for me, Jenny. Write letters now, send this to my bank and this to yours. Then go and post them."

"I'll do that in the morning, Granny. I can't leave you alone tonight."

The old lady gathered her ebbing strength, and said: "Go and write them now, my dear, and bring them up and show me. And then go out and post them."

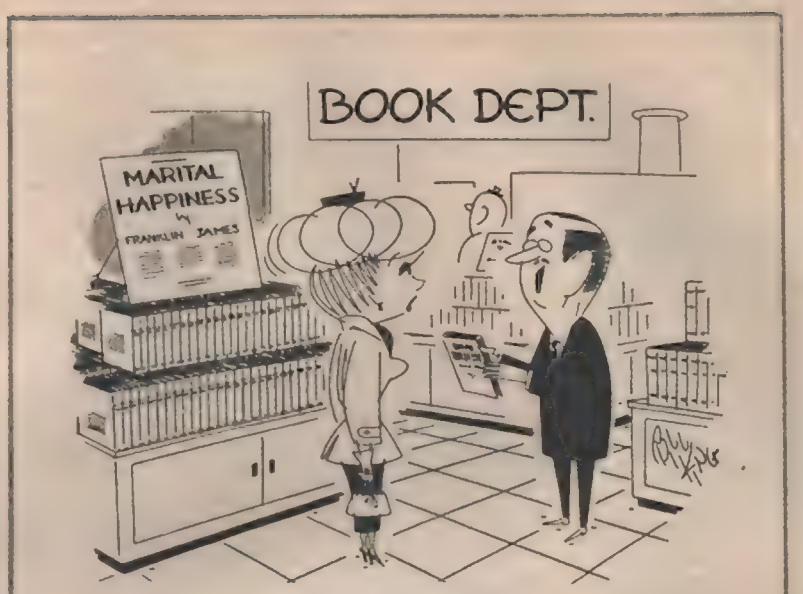
"All right." She could not disobey so positive and direct a command.

She brought the letters and the envelopes up to the bedside and showed them; the old lady did not speak, but watched her as she put the letters and the cheques into the envelopes and sealed them down. The girl said: "There they are, Granny, all ready to post. May I post them in the morning?"

The head shook slightly, and the old lips said: "Now."

"All right. I expect I'll have to go down to the Broadway. I'll be back as quick as ever I can."

The old head nodded slightly, and the girl went down and put her coat on, and ran most of the way to the post office, and most of the way back. She came back into the bedroom flushed and breathing quickly, but her grandmother's eyes were closed, and she seemed to be asleep. Jennifer settled down in the chair before the electric stove.



"This is the revised edition, written *after* he married"

At about half-past twelve, the old lady opened her eyes and said: "Jenny, did you post the letters?"

"I posted them, Granny."

"There's a dear girl," the voice from the bed said weakly. "I've been so worried for you, but you'll be all right with Jane."

The girl blinked in surprise, but there were more important things to be done than to ask for explanations. "Don't try and talk," she said. "Let me get some more hot water in these bottles."

Her grandmother said: "No. Jenny . . . Jenny. . . ."

The girl paused in the act of taking the bottles from the bed. "What is it, Granny?"

The old lady said something that the girl could not catch. And then she said: "It's not as if we were extravagant, Geoffrey and I. It's been a change that nobody could fight against, this going down and down. I've had such terrible thoughts for you, Jenny, that it would go on going down and down, and when you are as old as I am you would look back at your room at Blackheath and your office work, as I look back to my life at Steep Manor, and you'll think how very rich you were when you were young."

It did not make sense to the girl. She said: "I'm just going to take these bottles down and fill them, Granny. I'll be back in a few minutes."

When she came back with the bottles and put them in the bed around the old lady, her grandmother was lying with closed eyes; she seemed fairly comfortable, but the respiration was much worse. She was breathing in short gasps three or four times in succession; then would come a silence when for a long time she did not seem to breathe at all. It was fairly obvious to the girl that the end was coming. She wondered if she ought to go and fetch the doctor from his bed, and then she thought that there was nothing he could do; better for other and more vital patients that he should be allowed to rest. She sat down by the bedside in the chair to wait, holding her grandmother's hand, filled with deep sadness at the close of life.

The old lady spoke suddenly from the bed. Jennifer missed the first words again; she may have been half asleep. She heard: "—on twenty-two thousand a year, better than we lived at Steep. Give her my very dearest love when you see her, Jenny. I'm so happy for you now. It was so sweet of her to send those lovely fruits. Be sure and tell her how much we enjoyed them."

There was a long, long pause, and then she said: "So glad she sent the money for your fare. I've had so much, much more than you poor girls today."

JENNIFER was on her feet now; there was something here that had to be cleared up. She held her grandmother's hand between her own young, warm ones. "What did you give me that money for, Granny? What do you want me to do with the four hundred pounds? Try and tell me."

There were a few faint, jumbled words that Jennifer missed. She said: "Granny! Did you give me the four hundred because you want me to go to Australia to visit Aunt Jane? Is that what you'd like me to do with the money?"

There was a faint, unmistakable nod. Then the old eyes closed again, as if in sleep. The girl laid the hand carefully beneath the bedclothes and sat down again to wait. There was a terrific mess here that her father must help her to clear up.

At about two o'clock, her grandmother spoke again for the last time. Jennifer, bending by the old lips, heard her say: "The dear Queen's statue in Moulmein . . . white marble. So sweet of the Burmese. . . ."

About an hour later, the old lady died. Jennifer, standing by the bedside, could not say within a quarter of an hour when death occurred.

To be continued next week

KILLER BULL

Continued from page 13

reader, he would sit around in a restless fashion, and sigh, and turn on the wireless, and get no joy out of it, and go off to bed early.

Still, he was earning approval. Dixon said: "Stick to it, Teddie. You're doin' fine."

In a sense, Dixon was partly to blame for what followed, though he meant well. One of his intakes had become badly infested by whins. It was impossible to plough them out, on account of the innumerable boulders in the ground. So he and Teddie had been uprooting the biggest and toughest of the bushes by linking a chain around them and dragging them clear with the tractor. The smaller stuff he hoped to burn.

They tried burning one dry and breezy morning, without much success. Towards midday Dixon said: "No good. We'll have to hack 'em out with a mattock. Mine's broke." He raised his head and considered Teddie with a shrewd pondering. "They've got a good one over at the Fox. You might go across an' borrow it. An' come straight back. Mind that. Straight back."

"I'll be straight back," said Teddie, confident he could trust himself.

HE walked off down the lane to the dale road and past the small enclosure where the Friesian bull led a surly existence. It was a big brute, seventeen hundredweight, with little white to relieve its blackness. For the winter months it had to be kept in the small barn in the near corner of the enclosure, by the gate. At the moment it was outside, grazing, and irritably flapping its leather bull-mask, the lower strap of which had got broken. Teddie gave it a grinning glance and said: "You'd like me, you old devil, wouldn't you?" It was a bad bull.

He went into the Fox by the side door, and bumped straight up against temptation. As evil luck would have it, three farmers from Lingdale, on their way to a sale near the coast, had stopped for a drink. They knew Teddie. They hailed him heartily.

"Why, it's Teddie!"

"How's fettle?"

"What about a game o' darts, lad?"

Teddie did his best to refuse. He turned to the short, stout Mrs. Tryson, and asked for her husband.

"No," she said, "he's taken dogs and gone out gathering. Is there anything I can do?"

"Mebbe. John Dixon wants to borrow a mattock."

She wrinkled her forehead. "Now, where would it be? Last time I saw it John was using it in bull coppie. That's it. It's in the barn there. Best be careful, Satan's loose, grazin'."

"Don't worry," Teddie said, and turned to go; and one of the farmers clapped him on the shoulder.

"You're in a terrible hurry. Let's have a game."

At first Teddie smiled, and shook his head. The farmer pulled some darts out of the board and said: "You an' me against them two. Three hundred and one. Come on!"

Teddie's hand went into his pocket, reluctantly at first, and drew out his case of darts. He and a man named Fawcett threw for nearest bull, and Teddie's dart lodged in the fifty.

Fawcett grinned and groaned. "You're a fair marvel."

Teddie and his partner had their 301 before the other two could start scoring with a double.

Fawcett made a cheerful, snorting noise. "Dry rub, eh? Well, what are you having?"

Teddie plumped for a bitter.

"Sup up," said Fawcett. "It's going to be best o' three."

Teddie and partner won the second game, and he had another bitter. Then they changed partners, and Teddie won two more drinks. When Fawcett suggested they should change again, Teddie made a half-hearted effort to back out, but found himself standing

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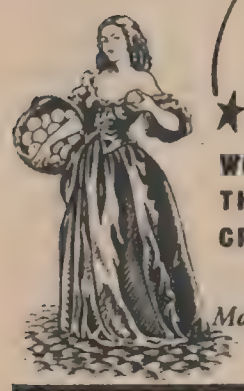

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with a dart between his fingers, and play went on. He did manage to refuse a fifth glass of bitter, at which Fawcett said: "Rather have something short? Give him a rum, Mrs. Tryson."

Teddie opened the sixth game with a double top. He was getting mellow. A second rum started to blur his speech, but his play had grown more and more deadly. For their benefit, he gave a demonstration of planting three in the double top, and that earned a third rum.

Mrs. Tryson, who was a decent sort, gave him anxious warning. "Now, Teddie, best be going. And don't forget that mattock."

"Oo, ay." He waved a hand at the three, and lurched off through the side door.

Outside, he crossed the yard and leaned over the gate leading into the bull field. Satan was browsing in the far corner; broad, bony rear turned towards the lane. Teddie opened the gate and swayed forward into the shadowy coolness of the barn. There was no sign of the mattock, nothing but a pitchfork and a rope hanging from a hook. He waited there a short while, swaying, and turning his head.

"No marrock," he said, "no marrock." He left noble and humorous and fine. Back through the side door of the Fox he came lurching.

"No marrock," he announced.

The three farmers had gone. Teddie sat down abruptly and sipped at the half-empty glass one of them had left.

Mr. Tryson said briskly: "Now, then, Teddie, it's time you were gone. Off you go."

"Ay, I'm going." His lids drooped drowsily, his tail of hair curled up higher than ever, and his body slumped as if incapable of effort.

HALF a mile away, in that whin-ridden intake, John Dixon was glancing at his watch, and his face looked ominous. Presently he made a growling sound, stumped out of the intake, and headed for the Fox. He'd put up with no more. Teddie must go, and lose Fellfoot as well.

Up and over the grike stepped Dixon, and into the field bordering the side-lane of the Fox. He was so intent on his thoughts that he had gone half way across it without noticing anything unusual when, without warning, a vibrant bellow split the quietness. Ten yards off, scraping up sods with his horns, was Satan.

Dixon stopped dead. He was used to handling beasts, but no farmer in his senses tackles a loose bull without a dog—especially one like Satan, who could move fast, and change direction with surprising speed. With his head lowered, the leather bull-mask covered his eyes. But at any second he might jerk his head, and flap it back.

Dixon turned, cautiously, to try and get back to the grike. At the same moment, Satan snorted, and tossed his head. Under the upflung flap, those bloodshot eyes spied something to charge at. With a roaring bellow, Satan launched himself forward.

Running faster than he had moved since boyhood, Dixon raced for the wall. A few feet short of the grike he realized that before he could make it, those horns would be in his back. Hot breath snorted into his neck as he dodged sideways, violently. The quick-footed Satan swung round within a yard of him, and Dixon saw only one chance left. He flung himself towards the piled stones, wedged his body into the crack between the two upper boulders.

Satan charged, skidded, tossed up the leather flap, and bellowed. Next, he lowered his head, sniffing at the two boulders. One horn slid between them, and stopped two inches short of Dixon's stomach. It had been checked by the other horn catching against the stone. Satan gave another bellow, lowered head rooting at the boulders. One of them stirred and wobbled. Seventeen hundredweight was shoving against it. Dixon sweated, helpless to stir. If that boulder toppled clear, he had no hope.

It was the last bellow that they heard over in the Fox. Mrs. Tryson's eyes widened in alarm. There was no mistaking the direction of the sound.

She said tautly: "Satan's loose! Teddie! You must have left the gate open."

He nodded with great wisdom. "Mebbe," he said, and got up. "All right. I'll fix him."

"You're not in a fit——"

He waved her aside. "If I let him loose, I must fix him. Right's right."

Out into the yard he went, and along the lane. He had no need to look far. Sideways on to him, towards the far side of the field, Dixon crouched in the space between those granite chunks, and Satan, head lowered, was horning at them. One great chunk was rocking noticeably.

THE sight half sobered Teddie. He drew a shaky breath. With a dog and a fork, the job would have been risky enough. Without anything at all. . . .

He sucked his lips, and started to cross the field, and his hand went to his inner pocket.

When he was fifty yards away, the bull tossed its flap, caught sight of him, paused in its horning, and hoofed out sods.

"Yah!" yelled Teddie, and came straight on.

Satan turned to meet him, walked forward a few paces, raised his great head and bellowed. Teddie had a dart in his fingers. It was a long throw, but the point pricked home in Satan's chest, and brought out a blare of fury.

"Now's your chance!" bawled Teddie, as the bull charged.

Dixon slid out of the crack and ran for the grike. Teddie ran in the opposite direction, swerved, and made for the wall. His lungs ached with running and he felt sick. The bull was coming at him; there was barely half a second to spare. Teddie raised a hand, and flicked. Satan let out a maddened bellow. A dart thrown at a range of three yards had stabbed through the left corner of the flap and was holding it pinned to the flesh. Satan's head tossed savagely. Sensing his enemy, he made another lunge.

Teddie sprinted in a semi-circle. He was back near the wall. Sweat was in his eyes, and the drink in him was reaching the sick stage. But he could still throw a dart. Once more he reached the wall, dashed sideways, to the blind side of Satan. That gave him a little time to spare. His hand rose and flicked. The dart stabbed home into the right corner of the mask, and the leather was pinned fast, and the bull blind.

He shinned over the grike, and slumped down gasping beside Dixon.

Dixon said slowly: "'Twas a near thing. How did yon get loose?"

Teddie said humbly: "I forgot to shut the gate."

"Drunk, eh?"

"I was—then."

"You're sober now. Mebbe it's taught you a lesson." Dixon's grim face thawed into a smile. "I was comin' to chuck you out for good. But we'll say no more about that. You're a fool, Teddie. But by gocks, you can throw a dart!" THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Live and let live

SOME people delight in telling you how ill they are, how badly treated, how more fortunate everyone else is. Others go to the other extreme. They tell you how lucky they are, how wonderful everything is and how silly you are not to see it.

I don't know which is the worse bore. I like people who take life as it comes, meeting good and bad fortune with equal calm.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

MY LIFE OF FIDDLING AND FOOLING

Continued from page 15

music. Then I would change my style completely and break into "Turkey In The Straw," or a barnyard reel, and do a dance.

It had been all very well for Jazon to encourage me to dance, but, in fact, I had no real knowledge of dancing whatever. With the enthusiasm of youth, however, I would fling myself about and cavort all over the stage, playing the violin all the time, bluffing my way through and finishing up with an acrobatic forward roll.

This nearly broke my back every night, but as it usually brought the house down I suppose it was worth it.

I was far too excited at finding myself on the threshold of a career on the stage to worry much about anything else; but, inside me, I was a little bit hurt that nobody in my family seemed to share my pleasure. It certainly damped my eagerness to come home, having been applauded by a friendly audience, to find that my modest success was a forbidden topic.

I realize now that this was deliberately done by my parents. They still longed for me to settle down in a regular job. Mother and Dad were, I know, thinking only of my well-being and wishing desperately for me to enjoy the security they had missed for so many years of their lives.

Mother Went To Watch

But I comforted myself with the thought that the money I was earning for three days' work (thanks to these cinema engagements) really did help to make the family kitty look a little more healthy than it would otherwise have done.

It was not until years afterwards that I discovered that, every night, after Mother had given me my packet of sandwiches and bottle of sarsaparilla and waved me goodbye at the door, she went to put on her hat and coat and catch the next tramcar. She sat through every single performance that I gave when I was playing as Hugh Neek—and it must have been close on two hundred—just to watch her boy. And never once did she reveal her secret by saying: "You were good tonight."

One day, Jazon called me into his office and through clouds of cigar smoke told me with an expansive gesture that there was a vacancy in one of the firm's touring revues and that he had decided that I should fill it. He gave me this news with the air of conferring a coveted decoration—and I admit that I could not have been more thrilled if it had been so.

As I left the office I stood before one of the playbills announcing the production in question. It was called *On The Panel* and had been quite a money-spinner for Jazon and Montgomery over a period of about three years.

This was the heyday of the touring revue and *On The Panel* was a fairly typical example. It had the usual beauty chorus, a leading lady, a character man, a dance band of five or six players—and a star, in this case a well-known north-country comedian, the late Tubby Turner.

Name On The Bills

Jazon's idea was that I should play in the dance band and also do my speciality as Nedlo, the Gipsy Violinist. The show had until now run without a break, but was being given a rest—during which time the scenery and costumes were being subjected to a spring-clean and the show itself was being generally freshened up. We opened at the Hulme Hippodrome, Manchester.

This was "it." For the first time I was working away from home so far as the theatre was concerned, and I felt pretty pleased with myself. We travelled from place to place, visiting Preston, Halifax, Huddersfield and a dozen other northern towns.

I was in the swim at last, a fledgling no longer, but a real pro with my name on the programmes and the bills. This was my baptism of theatrical life and, with an enthusiasm only occasionally damped by drab surroundings, I experienced at first-hand those cheap and dreary "digs" about which Dad had spoken with a wealth of humour, while Mother tempered the stories with a note of bitterness.

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

We toured around the country in these shows, and in one of them I remember we were appearing at the Theatre Royal, Sunderland. The comedian met a rather hostile reception. So much so that on Monday night he refused to go on for the second house. I thought: this is my chance. This is my big opportunity to make a name for myself as a comedian. Now I'll be able to tell my jokes. The jokes that Jazon wouldn't let me tell.

Given The Raspberry

So I went to the manager and said: "I'll go on, sir." He said: "What can you do?" I said: "I can tell some jokes." He said: "Good. Got any funny clothes?" Some of the other artists looked through their prop baskets and found an assorted variety of misfit clothes. I put these on, gave myself what I thought was a very funny make-up with greasepaint, and stepped out on the stage.

The audience looked at me. I cracked my first gag. Not a titter. I went on and when I got a third and fourth one out they gave me the "fruit," or, as it is also known, the "raspberry." It was good and solid, and there was no possible doubt that they meant me, because I was the only one on the stage at the time.

I came off and the manager looked at me and I suppose he thought that was the end of that. But I stuck it, and went on all the week. And at the end of the week the company clubbed together and bought me a silver watch, "in appreciation of a good trouper."

I never had much money, earning about £5 a week, which wasn't even as much as I'd been getting when I was Hugh Neek—but the job was more regular. Five pounds a week, less 10s. commission, 30s. for mother, £3 for me to keep myself in digs and what have you, and the occasional glass of beer which I was drinking by this time. I'd usually spent everything by Monday or Tuesday and was borrowing again until the following Friday.

But the revues were very enjoyable. I lived in a combined room and the landlady used to charge from 12s. 6d. to 15s. a week, which included all my food, and a nice clean bed, too. But eventually the shows folded up and there was no work forthcoming. I found myself back in Liverpool. No job. My mother and father said: "Well, we told you so. Perhaps after this you'll believe us when we tell you that the stage isn't all it's cracked up to be."

I was really on my uppers. One night I took the train for St. Helens, clutching my violin. I stood in a pub doorway and scraped away with my coat collar turned up and a battered hat at my feet, feeling sick at the humiliation of what I was doing and afraid that someone I knew would see me.

At the end of a couple of hours, I had collected fourpence in my hat. The fare to St. Helens was eightpence—my net loss was fourpence. I felt a failure even as a street musician.

As I sat in my room at home it seemed to me that my career had reached a deadlock. Again I told myself that if ever I was going to get anywhere I simply must try my talking act again. I counted up my shillings one morning and put an advertisement in one of the stage newspapers, *The Encore*. I decided to abandon the gipsy costume—although still retaining the name of Nedlo.

I had two replies—one offering me three days' work at a cinema in Chorley. For this show I wore evening dress and a bowler hat enamelled white. I went on the stage and did my act, but what I got was worse than the bird—complete and utter silence, never a laugh. I couldn't understand what had gone wrong. I thought that the gags were all right. And then I thought, could it be my make-up? My dress suit and white bowler hat?

Then I got an idea that struck me like a thunderbolt. I thought: surely the best way to be on terms with your audience is to be dressed like one of them—not in a dress suit, but in an ordinary lounge suit. I was so excited I could hardly sleep that night. I got up the next morning and got my best suit out and went down to the cinema and did my rehearsal. Came the evening performance, and I went on in my ordinary suit, no make-up on my face—just a little powder to take off the fleshy look that you have when the lights hit you.

The Homely Touch

I talked to the audience as though I was at home, and I hadn't been cracking my gags very long before I felt a warmth coming over the footlights. There was a warmth about the whole thing. It was just as if we were in somebody's drawing room. I went over very big—they loved it. The manager came round and said: "What a great idea! I've never seen anyone else tell jokes without dressing up." I had become a younger edition of the Ted Ray you know today.

But unfortunately no agents had come to see me, nobody was very interested—and I had no more work. Eventually my mother issued an ultimatum: "Unless you get a job soon you must pack this stage business up and settle down to a regular job." I was a bit of a liability, hanging around the house with no money.

So I applied for a job advertised in the *Liverpool Echo*, in a haberdasher's shop, and the choice was finally narrowed down to two of us. I think the wages were to be £2 5s. per week. I went up for the interview and the shopkeeper was very nice. He said: "I don't know, you seem to have a rather nice manner with you. I'd like to use you, but I am afraid that the other chap who's in the final for this job has had experience and you haven't."

I could have kissed him. I didn't want the job, and I was able to go home and say: "No, Mother, I didn't get the job—but I tried."

A couple of days later I got an engagement at the Lyric Theatre, Liverpool—my first date as a single act on a real variety bill—and I did very well. A boy named Ben Warriss was on the bill doing a black-faced act. He got £6 a week and I was getting £7. We talked about our ambitions and how we'd like to get to London and become big in show business, and we said we'd keep in touch with each other if ever we met again. He eventually formed a double act with his cousin, Jimmy Jewel, and today Jewel and Warriss are famous.

There was a little man on the bill called Alf Thomas. He was an old hand on the variety stage, and I used to call him Mr. Thomas. On the Wednesday night I found him standing in the wings waiting for me to come off the stage after my act. "Come into my dressing-room, son," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Praise From Old Hand

When I was sitting on a hard chair in his dressing-room, his first words shook me. "Wherever did you learn to talk like that?" he asked. I told him diffidently that I had always believed I could tell stories, but that so far nobody else had shown much confidence in me. He said, very earnestly: "My son, don't ever stop talking. Talk is either a habit or something that can be very funny—and I think you've got the gift."

I was quite overwhelmed at these kind words from such an old hand, and felt myself colouring under the make-up. Mr. Thomas went on: "Tell me, have you ever been to London?"

"Only to Wembley for the Exhibition," I replied.

"I'm not talking about Wembley," he said. "Have you ever been to London to play on the stage?"

"Good heavens, no!" I replied.

"I think I might be able to help you," he said. "I want you to write to a man named Fred Peel. He books London Music Hall, in Shoreditch. They try out acts."

"D'you think he'd ever engage me?"

"Well," he said, "you can try—ask for £15."

The man's mad, I thought.

"You won't get it, you know," he added quickly, "but ask for it because you must always remember that in this business you're worth what you can get and not what you think you ought to get." So true!

Off To London

But this Fred Peel was no mug. He wrote back and offered me £6—starting two months later. I tried to get work in the meantime, but there was none. So I decided to spend all my time in perfecting my act. Every night, hour after hour, I stood in front of the mirror in my bedroom, grimacing, smiling and winking with the idea of getting the most effective expression for putting over a joke.

This may sound rather ridiculous, but every inflection of voice and every shade of emotion as reflected in a comedian's voice count tremendously, and I was determined that if hard work and ceaseless rehearsal would help, no trouble on my part would be too great. And every day I practised my violin for all I was worth.

Then one Sunday morning I boarded a motor coach bound for London. By drastic economy I had scraped together £5. It was all I had in the world to get me to London and to keep me until pay-day—and I was not going to waste even the difference between the rail fare and the bus trip.

NEXT WEEK: Ted Ray makes good—and comes home with a beltful of gold

Have you heard ?

CHERRY BLOSSOM

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QUALITY MAINTAINED

"I don't want my wife to find a lot of dirty dishes when she comes back from her holiday"

BIG BUSINESS THAT BRINGS CHEER TO THE TROUBLE SPOTS

Continued from page 17

and more popular (N.A.A.F.I. bakes fifty different varieties) except in Germany, where savouries are in demand.

Feilden admits that N.A.A.F.I. does not always get sufficient stocks to some outposts but, he says, there is usually a good reason for any shortage. Shipping strikes or priority for ammunition and weapons, have often delayed shipments. In some cases, Service plans are changed, suddenly doubling the number of customers.

In Korea, N.A.A.F.I's original transport consisted of two trains. These travelled up and down the main line from Pusan and units had to send representatives to the railway to draw stocks. Now there is one mobile canteen attached to each battalion. Other Korean headaches included the loss of precious beer through freezing. This was solved by wrapping each bottle in newspaper. The demand for writing paper soared to three times the normal rate and additional stocks had to be sent in.

N.A.A.F.I. has a force of ten officers and 200 men in Korea. Operations include mobile canteens, "corner house" and travelling gift shops. The gift scheme resulted from a visit by one of Feilden's executives, who remarked on the amount of money British troops were spending in Japan on presents to be sent home. Often they were paying high prices for shoddy goods. A lorry was stocked with two or three hundred different items, ranging from nylons to complete dinner sets and sent round to each British unit in Korea. The troops select a gift, fill in a form, pay their money and N.A.A.F.I. attends to delivery. One such shop has taken in as much as £400 in orders during one day.

Halfpenny Cigarettes

Prices remain a source of friction between N.A.A.F.I. and its customers. Feilden is firm in upholding the traditional policy that prices in one zone should not be subsidized at the expense of profits in another. Prices of goods sold in Korea have to cover the cost of packing and transport. This is sometimes offset by the fact that some items are not subject to tax or duty. Cigarettes can be sold at elevenpence for twenty in Korea, but soap and tea are more expensive than in Britain.

Canteen profits are dissipated in a six per cent rebate on turnover to the regimental funds of the unit where the canteen operates. This is paid whether or not there is a profit. N.A.A.F.I. shops, 500 of which cater for Service wives and families, hand back a ten per cent discount. Large payments are made into Service benevolent funds. Clubs are also financed out of profits. At Chatham, N.A.A.F.I's club, with two attached hotels, costs £300,000 and it needs a subsidy of £15,000 a year to run the three establishments.

N.A.A.F.I. also copes with losses on a generous scale. In 1940 the organization dropped £1,400,000 during the Norwegian and French campaigns. Just before Dunkirk, canteen assistants gave away their stocks before shouldering rifles to take part in the retreat. They also brought back to England 6,000,000 francs in French currency. Losses in Hongkong, Malaya, Java, Egypt and Libya amounted to £600,000.

The biggest recent loss was the looting and burning of the N.A.A.F.I. shop at Ismailia. The shop supervisor, Denzel Charles Williams, of Herne Bay, barricaded the doors when rioters threatened the place. Women and children were hidden behind counters until they could be rescued. The mob eventually set fire to the building. A mobile shop, known as "Tiny" and classed as the largest in the world, was substituted. It is mounted on an R.A.F. Queen Mary transport and is sixty-two feet long. Stocked with goods, it is drawn into a previously announced location each day.

Seeing The Other Side

N.A.A.F.I. employs around the world a force of 40,000. The average girl assistant in England is thirty-two years old. More and more of her colleagues, both here and abroad, are becoming accustomed to the sight of Feilden's domed, bald head. The general manager likes to slip into one of his installations occasionally and see how things look from the customer's side of the counter.

In Tripoli, Feilden found himself besieged by a hundred angry Service wives who knew who he was and who wanted better service. It took an hour and a half, and all the charm he accumulated at Eton, Oxford and in the Coldstream Guards, to pacify the housewives. Feilden feels he was successful in satisfying the ladies that the actual cause of the shortages was a shipping strike.

Feilden has at his command N.A.A.F.I's own investigation department, which had its busiest time during the war when large-scale pilfering took place, particularly in dock areas. Cases of boots and shoes were a favourite prey of thieves. The thefts stopped when the investigation department hit on the happy idea of splitting the pairs and shipping all the right shoes separately from the left.

One mystery the investigation department has never been able to solve is the legend that Feilden occasionally encounters in his travels. "Are Service personnel entitled to £1 from N.A.A.F.I. for every year they have been in the Forces?" is the question. His answer remains: "We have never been able to trace the origin of this legend, but there is absolutely no truth in it."

THE END

Both suffer from INDIGESTION

One takes Maclean BRAND Stomach Powder

Indigestion need not make your life a misery. Maclean brand stomach powder or tablets will give you real relief from *all* the symptoms of indigestion—heartburn, acidity, flatulence, stomach pains.

REALLY PROFOUND RELIEF

Here are two photomicrographs. They show the reason *why* Maclean brand preparations mean really effective relief from pain.

You can see how *finely-divided* the Macleans particles are, quite free from gritty irritants. It is this that ensures the even assimilation into the system that gives such profound relief from pain.

An ordinary mixture of Sodium Bicarbonate, Bismuth Carbonate and Magnesium Carbonate. Magnified 50 times.

Maclean brand stomach powder prepared in accordance with the Macleans patented processes. Magnified 50 times.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder & Tablets

POWDER for home use. 1/9d. 3/- & 7/-

TABLETS for use in travel or at work. 1/- 1/9d. & 3/-

VISIT TO SHAMVA

Continued from page 18

was the only native in sight, and that all the passers-by turned to stare at him.

When he reached the end of the street, slightly intoxicated with the many wonderful things he had seen, he nimbly crossed it and started down the other line of shops. But he did not get far. As he was staring in fascination at a window full of expensive lingerie, he felt a hand clamp on his shoulder. He looked up at a tall, grim person in very attractive clothes.

"Well," said the police trooper, "you've certainly got a nerve! Where's your bloomin' pass?"

Umjaan grinned, raised his hand in the inevitable salute, and began to speak in Cheswana. He had got as far as wishing the trooper's wives would bear him many children when he was interrupted.

"I thought so! No blinkin' pass! You're for it, all right!"

"*Baas, mina hamba*——" Umjaan began.

"Come with me, me lad," the trooper said ominously. Taking Umjaan by the arm, he led him down the street.

"What's this, Trooper Gregory?" the sergeant at the police station asked, nodding at Umjaan.

"Out without a pass after curfew, Sarge," Trooper Gregory said. "Wanderin' around as large as life at this time of night!" Actually, Trooper Gregory was not so much surprised at finding a native out after the curfew hour set by a benevolent government as he was by finding one walking around so brazenly without a pass.

"He seems a nice fellow," the sergeant said, and, turning to Umjaan, he addressed him in Sindebele. Umjaan smiled and replied in Cheswana. The sergeant turned to the trooper. "Put him in cell number four," he said. "When Abbott comes on duty, he can try him out in Cheswana."

WHAT happened next Umjaan was likely to remember vividly until the end of his days. He was washed, given a substantial meal, and then handcuffed and placed in a cell. Very soon, the comfort of his surroundings had lulled him to sleep.

The following morning, after he had washed and eaten another enjoyable meal, he was brought before Sergeant Abbott, who was on duty.

"Who are you?" the sergeant asked him in Cheswana, and Umjaan was filled with joy.

"I am Umjaan, *induna* and captain of the Bapedi. . . .

Sergeant Abbott patiently heard him through, and then picked up the telephone. He was smiling.

"Yes, yes," Abbott was saying over the telephone. "It's old Umjaan from the reserve. . . . Get a truck over here and take him back, okay?"

That night, when Umjaan was once more in his own compound, drinking beer with the *indunas*, he described, in a voice heavy with respect, his visit to the kraal of the *Walungu*. "I arrived a stranger," he said, sipping his beer, "wandering around like a child lost in the night, and then suddenly I was recognized. He was, I think, a minor chief of some kind, because his clothing was beautiful. He seemed surprised to see me at first—nay, he was shocked—and then he took me to the house of the chiefs, chiefs much greater than himself. I was received with great courtesy, one of them actually presenting me with magnificent bracelets, which I wore on my wrists. My food was brought on what must have been plates of gold. . . ."

Thus spoke Umjaan, drunk with beer and the success of his venture, far into the night. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 25 is of Anthony Eden, when a child. The quotations are from "The Tribulations Of A Baronet" by Timothy Eden (Macmillan).

"BULLETS" PRIZES INCREASED to value OVER £1,000

She Captured a GIANT . . . . . .

MEET a busy *John Bull* reader—thirty-seven year old Mrs. F. Barnett, of Manchester. In addition to looking after her home, her husband and two young children, she works in a factory. One lunch time she started making *Bullets*—a few months later a Friday telegram from *John Bull* reached her while at work. She had won a £750 First for a *Bullet*! Soon that huge cheque provided the deposit on a house at 127 Lewis Road, Droylsden, installed the Barnett family in that bright new home with television and other luxuries to remind them of *Bullets*.

AS the holiday season approaches its climax, here comes a £750 "Golden Giant" for a *Bullet*—enough money to provide you with ideal holidays every summer for years *and* a permanent holiday from money worries!

But perhaps your greatest wish is for a home of your own. Well, read in adjoining column how a Manchester woman used the £750 *she* won for a few well-chosen words.

This is the biggest "must-be-won-outright" prize in competitions today and it can all be yours—provided you settle down to enjoy an hour on *Bullets* and post your coupon below.

£750 CASH 1st PRIZE
MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

1,569 OTHER PRIZES

£50, £25, 2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2. 10s.,

50 "Bullets" Seasons value 10s.

1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"3-DINNER" BONUSES

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Extra day to win

This week's £750 prize is offered for *one* week only. But because of August Bank Holiday, you have one extra day to post your *Bullets*. Use that extra time to capture *John Bull's* "Golden Giant"!

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Rules The World
To Keep The Wolf At Bay
The Strike Weapon
Hardly Civilized
Englishman Abroad
Home Of Their Own
Loving Hands
Worrying Won't Help, So
Lady Luck
Doesn't Want Much
Master Tactician
Girl Behind The Counter
Brighter Cricket
At Breakneck Speed
Boiling
Thunder And Lightning
Like Glue
Aboard The "Skylark"
Throwing His Weight About
At Our Local Lido

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions above

In The Days Of.....
Wearing A.....
What.....Misses
Unfair To.....
We Must Have....., But
.....By The Sea

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated August 23, and in JOHN BULL dated August 30), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

POST ENTRY
"Bullets" 1,845
(or Xword No. 797)
"John Bull,"
Long Acre,
London, W.C.2
(Comp.)

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" FREE THIS WEEK ONLY

"Bullets" Winners 1,840

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Torquay Holiday for Two: Miss M. Tonge, 609 Salford Road, Over Hulton, Bolton:
Britain At Work
Turning "Trap-door" Into "Spring-board."

£50 plus Torquay Holiday for Two: J. McPhee, 21 Taymouth Street, Glasgow: WISE NATION—KEEPS *State* UNDER THUMB.

£25 plus Torquay Holiday for Two: J. Rodgers, 147 Sutton Road, Huthwaite, Mansfield: BETTER DAYS—COME TO *Stayers*.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: R. E. C. Thomas, 18 Fowler Street, Blakenhall, Wolverhampton: IN THE VOICE OF GERMANY—CRYING HER WARES—CHALLENGE! £9: M. Biggam, Ridge End, Budleigh Salterton: LIFE IN THE COUNTRY—EMPTY? EARFUL! EYEFUL! BASKETFUL! £8: G. Hart, 56 Ballards Way, South Croydon: EASY ON THE EYE—PURSE, CONSCIENCE—*Careful* DRIVING. £7: G. Smart, 7 Kensington Grove, Denton, Lancs: STARRY-EYED IDEALIST—WANTS COMMUNISM *And* FREEDOM! £6: S. Curry, 29 Victoria Street, Clitheroe: LIFE IN THE COUNTRY—DEAD? "BURY" *Me* THERE! £5: A. Gowlett, 4 Seymour Road, Ringwood: CHANGE FOR THE BIGAMIST—PUTTING RINGS ON *Mailbags*! £5: J. McVay, 8 Harker Street, Sutton-in-Craven, Keighley: BETTER DAYS — WERE *Minutes* "NURSED" BETTER.

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

AUGUST TOURNAMENT starts next week!

FINE SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 797**

1. Boxes may be pretty well filled by popular one
3. Nobody likes to be considered crazy or to be regarded as
6. In a garden one can see this frequently
10. Breaking of one may mean trouble for somebody
11. It may happen that a baker has this on his van
12. Brings squalls in its train
13. Shade can be very important to

Down Clues

1. A man feels somewhat easier in his mind when he's cleared one
2. Many a time seen in conjunction with wash
4. The credulous type of person is apt to be this by mere torrent of words
5. Now and again it's a bit of a squeeze to get in expected one
7. Entry of, may be grave, impressive
8. It's folly not to heed warnings given you by this
9. West-end show has a pretty fair prospect of successful run, given brilliant
10. A jockey naturally likes to keep this

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to 50 SURPRISE PARCELS

containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 792 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Banter. 3, Lot. 7, Shot. 8, Lies. 9, Banks. 12, Smell. 13, Good. DOWN: 1, Bars. 2, Rich. 4, Taxes. 5, Mown. 6, Ruin. 9, Bawls. 10, Bow or Box. 11, Load.

TWENTY £100 SHARERS: A. Bainbridge, W. Blattner, Miss Dowgell, E. Dowling, Mrs. D. M. Farrell, A. L. Farthing, A. Greenwood, Mrs. J. H. Lindsay, J. Lugton, J. A. McKay, P. M. McLaughlin, Miss B. Morris, B. N. Owen, J. Parkes, Mrs. L. Phillips, Miss P. Reeve, Mrs. A. Renhaw, A. Roberts, A. C. Wharton, J. H. Williams. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 164 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

1 B	A	L	2 L		T	■	3 M		4 D
	■	P	I	■	A	5 B	A	■	E
L	O	■	N	■	R	O	Y	A	L
6 L	I		E	■	■	■	S	U	
■	L	■		■	A	T	E	■	
7 C	S	■	■	8	■	■	U	9 S	E
E	■	10 L	E	A	S	■	■	T	D
L	I	E	■	R	U	■	T	A	■
11 L	O	A	■	■	12 S	T	O	R	
■	■	■	■	13	Y	E	■	■	797

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **797** Bank Holiday Closing Postmark, Tues., Aug. 5

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 16.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

EXAMPLE	FREE
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

Bank Holiday Closing Postmark **1,845** TUES., AUG. 5

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

FOR AUGUST TOURNAMENT OFFER, APPLY for this "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated August 16. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants, simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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FEEL — "FRESH-AIR" SOFT!

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